THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII. FEBRUARY, 1814. *No. CCLVII.*

CONTENTS.

Portraiture of a Blood-Hound.... 201
Sporting Quere 202
On the Comparative Speed of Race Horses of the present and former Days 202
Valuable Qualities of the Frog.. 205
Berkeley Fox-Hounds.... 205
Mr. Powis's Pamphlet on Shoeing 206
Cocking between Huntingdon and Cambridge 207
Bettings for the Derby, Oaks, Oatlands, and St. Leger Stakes 208
The View Halloo; or, Folly in Praise of all the World 209
Pedestrianism of Six Hundred Miles 210
Cocking at Norwich 212
Judgment on Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke 212
Rotten-Row Fracas 220
Eagles in the South of France 221
Sporting on the Thames 222
Anecdote of Peter the Great.... 223
Account of the new Opera of the "Farmer's Wife" 224
Skating in the Isle of Ely 225
Alphabetical List of Stallions to Cover in 1814 227
Cruelty to Animals 229
Races appointed in 1814.... 233
Union between Schoolmasters and the Whip Club 233
FEAST OF WIT 236
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE 238
To Correspondents 244

POETRY.

Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog 245
A pair of Odes 245
Airs, &c. in the Farmer's Wife 246
Jack Ketch and the Frenchman.... 248
Extempore Lines 248
RACING CALENDAR 41

Embellished with,

I. *A highly-finished Engraving of a* Blood-Hound, *the Property of S. Hanbury, Esq.*
II. A Group of Stags, *an Etching.*

PORTRAITURE OF A BLOOD HOUND,

Bred by Anthony Hammond, Esq. *of Norfolk, the property of* Sampson Hanbury, Esq. *Poles, Hertfordshire.*

THE above is engraved by Cook, of Great Portland-street, from a painting of Mr. Ward's. Various are the singular properties described as possessed by this species of hound, some assigning to it extraordinary powers of instinct, while others attribute them merely to the *training*. Without taking upon us to determine, we shall content ourselves with the following extract from Boardman's Dictionary:—

"Blood-hound, in zoology, the *canis sagax* of Linnæus (see Canis), *le chien courant* of Buffon, the *sleuthounde* of the Scots: the hound, or dog, with long, smooth, and pendulous ears.—This was a dog of great use, and in high esteem with our ancestors: his employ was to recover any game that had escaped wounded from the hunter, or been killed and stole out of the forest. He was remarkable for the acuteness of his smell, tracing the lost beast by the blood it had spilt; and from whence the name is derived. This species could, with the utmost certainty, discover the thief by following his footsteps, let the distance of his flight be ever so great, and through the most secret and thickest coverts; nor would he cease the pursuit, till he had taken the felon.

They

They were likewise used by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars. The poetical historians of the two heroes, frequently relate very curious passages on this subject; of the service these dogs were of to their masters, and the escapes they had from those of the enemy. The blood-hound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland; where the borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours. The true blood-hound is large, strong, muscular, broad-breasted, of a stern countenance, of a deep tan-colour, and generally marked with a black spot above each eye."

Mr. Daniel, in his Rural Sports, speaking of the bloodhound, says,

"To try whether a young blood hound was well instructed, a Nobleman (says Mr. Boyle) caused one of his servants to walk to a town four miles off, and then to a market town three miles from thence. The dog, without seeing the man he was to pursue, followed him by the scent to the above-mentioned places, notwithstanding the multitude of people going the same road, and of travellers that had occasion to cross it. When the hound came to the chief Market Town, he passed through the streets, without noticing any of the people there, 'till he got to the house where the man he sought was, and there found him in an upper room."

SPORTING QUERE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for October, you say Flying Childers was never beaten; I am desirous to know what other horses, besides Eclipse, Bay Malton, and Highflyer, have always been successful in running. At the present day, I do not believe there is one race horse that has been uniformly successful: both Corporal and Macedonian, the horses that beat the far-famed Smolensko, have themselves been beaten by others.—Macedonian was beat by Smolensko running for the 2000gs. Stakes, and Corporal has been beat by Wilful, which horse was beat by Smolensko running for the Newmarket Stakes.—If any of your numerous readers can inform me of the above, I shall feel peculiarly gratified; and by inserting this, you will much oblige your constant reader, T. L. B.

Rugby, Dec. 5.

ON THE COMPARATIVE SPEED OF HORSES OF THE PRESENT AND FORMER DAYS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SINCE the publication of my last letter, I have heard it remarked, that the instances which I brought forward, were not sufficient to convince your readers of the actual superiority of the horses of former days. If so, I shall now proceed to specify a few more of their performances, which I hope will be more convincing. We have an instance, says Goldsmith in his Animated Nature, of superior speed in the *admirable* Childers, who ran the Round Course at Newmarket, which is little less than four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds. In 1762, King Herod,

Herod, carrying 8st. ran the Round Course in six minutes and fifty seconds. In 1769, Goldfinder, with 8st. 3lb. ran the Round Course, in six minutes and fifty-eight seconds.—In 1775, Shark, carrying 9st. ran over the same Course in seven minutes and two seconds.—Highflyer (in 1778) ran the Round Course, with 8st. 5lb. in six minutes and fifty-four seconds. These horses beat all their contemporaries with ease at every distance, clearly demonstrating their superiority, whether they ran for speed or bottom.——In 1740, Cade ran Across the Flat, carrying 8st. in one minute and forty-eight seconds.—In 1746, Blank ran across the Flat, with 8st. 5lb. in one minute and fifty-eight seconds.—In 1750, Tartar, carrying 8st. ran over the same Course in one minute and fifty seconds.—In 1724, Old Partner, with 8st. 7lb. ran over the Ditch-in at Newmarket, in three minutes and twenty-eight seconds.—Regulus (in 1744) ran over the Ditch-in, carrying 8st. in three minutes and sixteen seconds.—In 1754, Match'em ran over the same Course, carrying 8st. 5lb. in three minutes and twenty seconds.—In 1764, Gimcrack, with 8st. ran over the Ditch-in, in three minutes and eight seconds.—Diomed, in 1780, ran over the Ditch-in, carrying 8st. 7lb. in three minutes and thirty-two seconds.—In 1749, Oroonoko (brother to Black-and-all-Black), carrying 8st. 3lb. ran over the Beacon Course, in seven minutes and ten seconds.—Nabob (in 1758) ran over the same Course, with 8st. 7lb. in seven minutes and sixteen seconds.—In 1772, Marc Antony, carrying 8st. 7lb. ran over the Beacon Course, in seven minutes and ten seconds.—Florizel (in 1773), with 8st. 2lb. ran over the same Course in seven minutes and twelve seconds.—In 1774, Johnny ran over the Beacon Course, carrying 8st. in seven minutes and twelve seconds.—Rockingham (in 1785), with 9st. ran over the Beacon Course, in seven minutes and twenty seconds.—In 1746, Babraham, with 8st. 3lb. ran the Two Middle Miles of the Beacon Course, in two minutes and fifty-four seconds.—In 1751, Black-and-all-Black, ran over the same Course, carrying 8st. in two minutes and forty-six seconds.—Saltram (in 1784), with 8st. 7lb. ran over the same Course in three minutes.—These horses likewise beat nearly every horse of their time (at any distance long or short), and won almost every stake they started for.—In 1777, Bourbon ran over the St. Leger Course, at Doncaster, in three minutes and twenty-five seconds.—Young Traveller (in 1791), ran over the same Course, in three minutes and twenty-eight seconds.—In 1795, Hambletonian, ran over the St. Leger Course, in three minutes and twenty-two seconds.—Orville (in 1802), ran over the same Course, in three minutes and twenty-six seconds.—In 1812, Oterington ran over the St. Leger Course, in three minutes and 31 seconds: and I am credibly informed, that Altisidora was above four minutes in running it last year. Now, Sir, if any of your correspondents will bring forward proofs when any horse of the last twenty years actually performed these courses in so short a time, I will then bow acquiescence to their opinion; but if they cannot, I hope they will concur, in some measure, to these proofs now before them. At the same time, I am aware these instances will not suffice to set this question entirely at rest; if not, it

it will in a great measure tend to shew their actual superiority over every horse of the present day, both in respect to speed and bottom. But in thus casting my mite in support of that superiority, it is not my intention to debase the qualifications of the horses of the present day; on the contrary, it is my firm opinion, although it may appear paradoxical, that "take them for all in all," *they are*, unquestionably, superior.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Z. B.

Brentford, Feb. 9, 1814.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

Sir—Seeing in your last *Sporting Magazine* for December, a statement of the comparative speed of race horses, I have to observe, that Camerton's running last year at Stockbridge was equal, if not superior, to any of those contained in the statement. On the 16th of July last, Camerton, carrying 8st. 10lb. with Scorpion, Offa's Dyke, and Shoestrings, ran four miles in seven minutes and thirty-two seconds, and having, at the end of three miles and a quarter, beaten all his competitors nearly to a stand-still, his rider pulled him up, and came in at little more than a canter. Scorpion, in endeavouring to get up to him, dropped dead at the distance, the other two crawled in with some difficulty.—Camerton appeared quite fresh, and could no doubt have distanced them all with the greatest ease.—It is true, both Hambletonian and Coriander were capital runners, and certainly performed the distance in less time than above specified; but they had nearly equal horses to contend with, and won with difficulty, consequently the contest continued to the end; whereas Camerton, having beaten his horse a long ways from home, came in at his own pace. Hambletonian was seven years old, and carried 8st. 3lb.; Coriander the same age, 8st. 7lb.; Camerton five years old, 8st. 10lb.—With respect to Eagle, Tyrant, and Ditto, the statement is *erroneous, neither* of them *ever* having run the Round Course.—With begging you will give the above a place in your next Number, I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. S.

Stockbridge, Jan. 26, 1814.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

Sir—With some appearance of truth does Z. B. assert, in your *Magazine* for December, that the horses of former days were superior in speed to those of the present. Now I should wish to ask Z. B. or any correspondent who could inform me on the subject, whence that superiority proceeds, whether from a better system of training, the ability and strength to carry weight with greater ease, the excess of training which the horses of the present day undergo, or, as one affirms, is it solely owing to the too great labours of our stallions and mares, both on the turf and in the stud? This opinion is deserving of consideration; but whether it is or is not the real cause, I cannot take upon me to determine. I am inclined to think otherwise, and ascribe it to their commencing to run at so early an age, for it is now very common to see two-years-old colts and fillies, and even yearlings, run at Newmarket, and perhaps this is the very reason why so many of the most valuable are completely ruined, and all their faculties of superior speed destroyed, before they attain

attain the age at which their predecessors were taken into training; for it is in the recollection of every old sportsman, that no colt was ever taken in hand till he was three years old, to be made quiet for breaking, and was never thought capable of being brought to the post for a racing contest, till he had attained his fourth year. If Z. B. will assign a plausible and convincing cause for that superior fleetness which he has shewn in his brief account, it will prove an important and useful article to all lovers of this noble animal. By giving this a place in your entertaining Magazine, you will confer an obligation on your constant Reader, VIATOR.

Richmond, Feb. 17, 1814.

VALUABLE QUALITIES OF THE FROG.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your last Magazine, I see an interesting account of the good qualities of the toad. If you think the following observation on the frog worth inserting, you will much oblige

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

In the summer of last year, I was invited by a friend to walk to his garden, to view a bed of beautiful tulips, and while making my remarks on the grand variety, a very fine frog leaped across the path that I stood upon; and, as I was always an admirer of Nature, I watched it under a gooseberry bush, where there happened to lay a large leaf of a tulip; the frog immediately mounted on the highest part of the leaf, and placing himself in a very erect position, looking most attentively up into the bush, he remained in this attitude at least ten minutes, without moving the breadth of a hair. I called my friend to come and observe, as well as myself, and he advanced to look for the supposed object of the frog's attention. At that moment the frog made a spring up under the bush, and brought down a quantity of caterpillars, and devoured them with the greatest rapidity; nor was it the least alarmed at our standing so near it, as it immediately returned to the same spot as before, and many times repeated the attack with the same success.—As the caterpillars hung in small clusters, he never brought down less than from five to eight at a time, and then picked them up from the ground as quick as a fowl picks up corn. After swallowing them, it always opened its mouth as wide as possible, as if adjusting its tongue, but the truth of which we could not ascertain. My friend was much pleased with my observation, as he declared he never before knew the frog so valuable, as to be capable of keeping his gooseberry and currant trees free from those destructive visitors.

Feb. 8, 1814.

BERKELEY FOX-HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN perusing your *Sporting Magazine*, I am sorry to see very little respecting Fox-hunting. I hope the following will not be unworthy of being placed in your Miscellany. I am, yours, &c. &c.

A FOX-HUNTER.

Feb. 14, 1814.

The

The Berkeley fox-hounds, the last day of hunting before the frost, Friday, December 24, met at Hedgerley Furze; drawing the furze, the hounds challenged, but without finding; they then went to the coverts leading to Dawney Bottom, where they soon unkennelled, but the fox being headed, he was immediately killed, and at the same time there were a brace more viewed away. The hounds being laid on the scent, in less than five minutes went away to Wasp Wood, thence to Dawney Bottom, over the inclosures, to the high road leading from London to Oxford, where he was unfortunately headed back to Dawny Bottom; thence over the inclosures to Hedgerley, where he was killed, after a run of one hour and fifty-five minutes.

It was then proposed to try for another, and after drawing several coverts, Tom thought it advisable to go to Mr. Newton's furze, where they immediately found, and went away to Cap's Wood; thence to Alderman's Bottom, across the river to Black Park, where he could stop but a very short time, being so closely pressed; went away to the coverts adjoining, over Fulmer Common to Frame Wood; thence across Stake Common, and through the inclosures, to Munihing's Coverts across the high road, leaving Bulstrode Park to the right, across the open country, to Black Wood, along the range of coverts leading to Dawney Bottom, where he was run into, after a severe run of one hour and thirty-three minutes, without one check. It was remarked by the old sportsmen, it was the best day's sport they had seen for years with any hounds.

The Berkeley Hounds met at Denham, the first day of hunting after the frost, Saturday, February 12, drew the marsh immediately, found, and ran one hour and a half, chiefly in covert, when Reynard was obliged to resign his life to the skill of Old Tom and the superiority of his pack.

MR. POWIS'S PAMPHLET ON SHOEING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THOUGH my intentions have been somewhat anticipated by the appearance of a regular criticism on Mr. Powis's pamphlet, in your last Number, I cannot avoid asking a place for a few remarks, which may not be unacceptable even to your reviewer himself, who appears at least to have formed some of his opinions rather prematurely.

On reading the little work in question a second time, the repetition which he condemns as weak, struck me in the same manner: nevertheless, when I came to reflect, that even the Professor of the Veterinary College himself had, at the beginning of his career, asserted the possibility of reducing every shape, or rather *mis-shape* of foot, to a circular form, and of adapting it to receive the thin-heeled shoe, to say nothing of Moorcroft, and the cock'd-hatted advocates (as a correspondent of your's facetiously calls them) of his seated shoe, which they designate as an universal panacea against the evils originating from the application of its thin-heeled rival, I could not but alter my opinion. Having been an auricular evidence of the *sic est* of both sides, Mr. Editor, and being

ing without temptation to travel out of the record, I certainly have a right to be believed, at least my *ipse dixit* ought to have the same chance of credit as your reviewer's.

Seeing this to be the case, whatever interested views may have operated to induce Mr. Powis to come before the public, his book, though without pretensions to novelty, or invention, is calculated to be of more genuine utility than the elaborate publications even of the *great and glorious* Osmer, who, as we are gratuitously told, occupied Mr. Moorcroft's premises in good old times, where he forged the seated shoe, that very shoe which, by so many followers, has been *forged* since.

That Mr. Powis's introductory remarks are, to say the least of them, sensible and spiritedly written, is acknowledged. Oh, but his instructions to grooms and country-smiths are *common!* True. Yet it is rather wonderful that, obvious as they are, no attempt should have been made before this time to enlighten men of that description, by printing a plain treatise at a price within their reach. If, then, this pamphlet teaches discrimination to minds hitherto unenlightened, and no other of a similar nature has preceded it, we cannot entirely deny it a portion of novelty, and that of a very proper kind: for, though the rules are not new, the manner in which they are delivered and explained is; therefore it may be inferred that the public are in no small degree indebted to Mr. Powis.

I am, Sir,

your constant reader,

CRITO.

Cheltenham, Feb. 22, 1814.

COCKING.

A Main of cocks, Huntingdonshire against Cambridgeshire, commenced fighting on Friday, the 18th instant, at the Gentlemen's Subscription Cockpit, St. Giles's. Flemming, feeder for the former county, and Shaw for the latter. The first four battles were byes, three of which were won by Cambridge, and one by Huntingdon. The next four battles were on a main of eight, to be fought out on the next evening, for five guineas a battle, and fifty the odd battle. Of these four, three also were one by Cambridge, and one was drawn. The battles were well contested. Odds rather in favour of Shaw at setting to, but varying eight and ten to one during the battles. The birds on both sides were as fine and as game as could be.

A melancholy event occurred at the Cock-pit during the evening. Whilst preparations were making for the setting to of the cocks, a Mr. Thorpe, from the country, a well-known respectable character, had taken his seat in front of the pit, and not two minutes before his death had offered to back the Huntingdon birds for ten guineas. He was observed to lean his head forward and appeared somewhat ill. He made a kind of moan and instantly his colour changed, and he was a corpse. Surgical aid was immediately procured, but the spark of life was extinct. He died of apoplexy. The body was removed to a neighbouring public-house for the inspection of a Coroner's inquest. The wife and the sister of the deceased soon arrived to see the body, and the reader may judge of their feelings. It is a fact, no less singular than true, that the deceased,

ceased, half an hour before his death, had said, "the last time I was here I said if ever I attended the pit again, I hoped I should die there." The unfortunate man was opulent, and between fifty and sixty.

On Monday, the 21st, the above main of cocks, between Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire, was decided, the sports having been adjourned in consequence of the sudden death of Mr. Thorpe. Four bye battles were fought, two of which Cambridge won, and the other two by Huntingdon. Four other battles upon the main were next fought to complete the eight, three of which were in favour of Cambridge, and one of Huntingdon. Bets on the whole main were off in consequence of the postponement. The Cambridge birds were backed at 5 and 6 to 4 before setting to.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS for the Derby, Oaks, Oatlands, 2000gs. and St. Leger Stakes, 1814.

DERBY.

7 to 1 agst Lord Stawell.
7 to 1 agst Partisan.
13 to 1 agst Mr. Hewett's filly.
14 to 1 agst Magician.
16 to 1 agst Brother to Sagana.
18 to 1 agst Lord Lowther's Sorcerer colt.
18 to 1 agst Sir John Shelley's Woodnymph colt.
18 to 1 agst Mr. Benson's colt, by Eagle.
21 to 1 agst Sir C. Bunbury's c. by Walton.
22 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's c. by Canopus, out of Bobtail.
25 to 1 agst Mr. Lake's colt, by Zodiac.

OAKS.

7 to 1 agst Mr. Hewitt's filly.
10 to 1 agst Vittoria.
10 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's Selim filly.
11 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's filly, by Orville.
11 to 1 agst Duke of Grafton's Sister to Whalebone.
16 to 1 agst Lord Suffield's filly, by Sorcerer.

2000GS. STAKES.

5 to 1 p. p. agst Brother to Smolensko.

OATLANDS—FIRST CLASS.

3 to 1 agst Octavius.
4 to 1 agst Defiance.
5 to 1 agst Otterington.
5 to 1 agst Pointers.

SECOND CLASS.

3 to 1 agst Aquarius.
6 to 1 agst Manuella.

THIRD CLASS.

3 to 1 agst Euryalus.
3 to 1 agst Grimalkin.
6 to 1 agst Vulpecula.
1000 to 30 agst naming the three winners.

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst William.
10 to 1 agst Alfana.
14 to 1 agst Norton.
20 to 1 agst any other.

Very little betting, in consequence of the late severe weather preventing the owners' from trying their horses.

ERRATUM.—In our betting statement last month, the Canopus colt was placed at the *top* instead of *bottom* of the horses for the Derby, the odds being 30 to 1 against him, and not 3 to 1, as there stated.

THE

THE VIEW HALLOO;

OR,

FOLLY IN PRAISE OF ALL THE WORLD.

No. VII.

Folly delineates her own Portrait.

——— I Must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so Fools have;
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh; and why, Sir, must they so?
The *why* is plain, as way to parish church;
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of a fool.
Invest me with my *motley*; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I'll through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Folly speaks.

Thus having pictur'd some that choose,
To blazon forth my proper muse;
'Tis fitting next that I explain,
The real tenor of my strain.
Not offer'd like breech-whipping teacher,
Who'd make brats wise, or pulpit preacher
That prates a long and dull oration,
About hereafter and salvation.
In me expect no such physician;
Nor look for deep-read rhetorician.
Sworn foe to rules, I'm always sick
To hear men argue by logic;
And unto him that wou'd divide,
And reason on me—woe betide;
Since I am fram'd at once to scare
All rules—here, there, and ev'ry where.
On which account I'm now array'd
In regal robes, not Masquerade.*
My tunic first of varied dies,
Shows I love glare to catch men's eyes;
Next by the trappings of my cap,
'Tis plainly prov'd that I entrap,
All sounds confus'd that men may hear,
Caught by each lanky ass's ear.
Thirdly, the jingling of each bell,
Is the true echo of my knell;
Which ever must attention claim,
Though still repeating o'er the same.
'Tis on account of this I shine
Your goddess, being feminine,†
And women therefore are by me
Best lov'd, for their garrulity.

* The practice of keeping fools at Court is of great antiquity, as well in England as in France. Their habiliments consisted of a party-coloured tunic, a bonnet with a long pointed tail, and an ear erect on either side. Round the neck, at the elbows, wrists, and knees, were clusters of bells, which made a jingling at every movement of the wearer. In lieu of a sceptre, the fool was provided with a long handled ladle, on the back of the bowl of which was carried the grotesque delineation of a Zany's head, and after performing his antics, this instrument was handed about to collect money from the persons present. These Courtly buffoons, however, far from being of that class of men, which, from the appellation, they might be thought to represent, were, on the contrary, selected for the poignancy of their wit, and the force of their satire, their making the courtiers themselves appear fools, (which they generally are) by turning them into ridicule for the amusement of the Monarch, their employer. One of our ancient Kings had a fool with a remarkable long beard, whom he was wont to place near an open window, in order that the current of air might waft this copious hairy appendage in the faces of those courtiers who were seated near him. At a much later period, Henry the Fourth had a fool or jester called *Scogin*. Henry the Eighth kept his *Will Summers*. And Charles the First had one *Archee*, who, among other witty sayings, being called upon when at table to say grace, (the Prelate *Laud*, Archbishop of Canterbury, being present) arose from his seat, and with a demure gesture said—" *Great Praise be given to God, and little Laud to the Devil.*" Nor can Charles the Second be said to have lacked his jesters while the Earl of Rochester and Killigrew were the frequenters of his Court.

† Women and Fools are themes right hard to hit,
Because *no meaning* puzzles more than *wit*.

Lastly

Lastly when puking babe in cradle,
Being fed with spoon or wooden ladle,
The same for sceptre serves my turn,
For ye my spoon meat never spurn;
But infants always, will be mewling,
Through life with me for ever fooling;
O'erjoy'd to suck from my free titty,
Your reason lull'd by folly's ditty.*
And what my friend can more disarm ye,
From spleen morose, or tend to charm ye,
So much as mine own commendations,
Resembling many choice orations;
With which your moderns of elude,
Amuse the gaping multitude.
How nobly talk the Senate's members,
Kindling a fire from rabble's embers;
Who growling get their bellies full
Of wit like mine, for Johnny Bull,
Delights with sounds to be amaz'd,†
And pricks up ears when loudly prais'd;
Loves much to hear of liberty,
And his emporium o'er the Sea;
Of *Magna Charta*, Albion's Laws,
Britannia and the good old cause;
Of rebel papists, reformation,
That glorious change that sav'd the nation;
Of Tories far-fam'd opposition,
Of times demanding a physician;
Of whigs that always make wry faces,
To hear of *pensions* loath'd and *places*;
Men *uncorrupted*, who must feel,
The nation's pulse and save the weal.
Such are Saint Stephen's famous ringers,
The parliament's choice ballad singers,
Who when Britannia growls, asswage her,
With jocund peal of fam'd Bob Major;
That like a Braham's sweet *Sol Fa*,
Demands my subjects loud huzza.
For which my fool then acts the glutton,
On trimmings and the nation's mutton;
By just such winning eulogies,
Shall I prove your *Demosthenes*;
Since they from me glean all their store,
Which ever claims your loud *encore*.

Roary Hall, near Parnassus Puddle.

PEDESTRIANISM OF SIX HUNDRED MILES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

As I do not recollect that you have noticed the dry and abstruse production from which this amusing extract is made, bearing the title of "The History of the Roman Wall, by Dr. Hutton, F. A. S. S. of Birmingham," an account of his journey from that place to Scotland, and back again on foot, will probably amuse many of your intelligent readers. This is contained in a letter, written by his daughter to S. S. Pratt, Esq. as follows:—

"*Dear Sir*—Our summer's excursion in 1801, was ardently wished for by us both. My father's object was to see the Roman Wall, mine the Lakes of Cumberland

* Being engaged upon the subject of children, I must here beg leave to offer a few words by way of eulogy. The renowned *Hercules*, after his laborious feats, delighted to play with little children, on which occasion, we are told by *Euripides*, that he would exclaim, "I play, for I love to change my occupation." *Alcibiades* one day caught *Socrates* romping with *Lamprocles*, then but a child. *Agesilaus* would straddle over a stick, and play cock-horse with his infant son, for which conduct being ridiculed by a friend, he replied, "*Hold your tongue, wait till you are yourself a parent, before you give advice to fathers.*" And *Archytas* of *Tarentum*, the great philosopher, astronomer, and geometrician, having many attendants, took infinite delight in playing with their rising progeny; and upon days of festivity, was in the habits of collecting them as the chief source of amusement.

† The egotism of the British character is rendered so obvious to every foreigner, that any sarcasm tending to correct this national failing is highly commendable, as tending to brand such conduct with contempt, since there is nothing so annoying as to hear upon all occasions,

"Self first, self last, self ev'ry where creep in,
"True as the scab is to the Scotchman's skin."

land and Westmoreland. We talked it over by our fire-side every evening the preceding winter. He always insisted upon setting out on foot, and performing as much of the journey as he should be able, in the same manner. I made little objection to his plan, reserving myself for a grand attack at last. When the time drew near, I besought him with tears to go as far as Liverpool in a carriage, and walk afterwards, as he might find it expedient. All that I could obtain was, that he would take care of himself. I rode on a pillion behind a servant, and our mode of travelling was this: My father informed himself every night how he could get out of the house next morning, before the servants were stirring. He rose at four o'clock, walked to the end of the next stage, breakfasted, and waited for me. I set out at seven, and when I arrived at the same inn, breakfasted also. When my father had rested two hours, he set off again. When my horse had fed properly, I followed, passed my father on the road, arrived before him at the next inn, and bespoke dinner and beds. My father was so careful not to be put out of his regular pace, that he would not allow me to walk by his side, either on foot or on horseback, nor even through a town. He chose that pace which was the least exertion to him, and never varied it. It looked like a saunter, but it was steady, and got over the ground at the rate of full two miles and a half in an hour. When the horse on which I rode saw my father, he neighed, though at the distance of half a mile, and the servant had some trouble to hold him in. He once laid the reins upon his neck, and he trotted directly up to my father, and laid his head on his shoulder. My father was such an enthusiast with respect to the Roman wall, that he turned neither to the right nor to the left, except to gratify me with a sight of Liverpool. Winander Mere he saw, and Ulswater, because they lay under his feet, but nothing could detain him from his grand object. When he reached Penrith, he continued his way to Carlisle, and I turned westward for Keswick.—While I remained at Hest Bank, I received two scraps of paper, torn from his pocket-book, in which he told me he was sound in his body, shoe, and stocking, and had just risen from a lodging among fleas. In a second note he informed me, that he had been at the Wall's End; that the weather was so hot, he was obliged to repose under hedges, and that the country was infested with thieves, but only such as demolished his idol, the wall, by stealing the stones of it. On the fifth morning after my arrival at Hest Bank, my father returned, and a most joyful meeting ensued. We set out on our return home as before, and reached it in safety.—The first symptom of fatigue I observed, was at Budworth, after he had lost his way, and been six hours upon his legs, first in deep sands, and then in pavement roads. At Liverpool, his spirits were good, but I thought his voice rather weaker. At Preston he first said he was tired, but having walked eleven miles further to Garstang, he found himself recovered. He usually came into an inn in high spirits, ate a hearty meal, grew sleepy after it, and in two hours was rested. He regarded strong liquors with abhorrence: porter he drank, when he could get it, ale and spirits never; he

 mixed

mixed his wine with water. My father frequently walked with his waistcoat unbuttoned, but the perspiration was so excessive, that I have even felt his coat damp on the outside from the moisture within, and his bulk visibly diminished every day. When we got within four days of the completion of our journey, I could no longer restrain my father. We made forced marches, and if we had had a little further to go, the foot would have fairly knocked up the horse. The pace my father went, did not even fatigue his shoes: he walked the whole six hundred miles in one pair, and scarcely made a hole in his stockings."

COCKING AT NORWICH.

ON Monday, the 24th of January last, and two following days, was fought the fourth year's great main of cocks at the White Swan Inn, in Norwich, that city and Norfolk against Cambridgeshire, which was decided in favour of the latter, by four a head in the main, and six a head in the byes. Fleming, jun. feeder for Cambridgeshire, and Dean, feeder for Norfolk.—The following is a correct statement of each day's fight:

	Cambridgeshire.	M.	B.
Monday,	1st in-go......	2	2
	2d in-go......	3	1
Tuesday,	1st in-go......	2	1
	2d in-go......	3	1
Wednesday,	1st in-go......	4	1
	2d in-go......	5	1
		19	7

	Norfolk.	M.	B.
Monday,	1st in-go......	3	0
	2d in-go......	3	0
Tuesday,	1st in-go......	2	1
	2d in-go......	3	0
Wednesday,	1st in-go......	2	0
	2d in-go......	1	0
		15	1

Although the weather proved so very severe, and the roads nearly impassable, the pit was, as usual, numerously attended by highly respectable Gentlemen from the counties of Norfolk, Cambridge, &c. There was very excellent fighting, and much money was sported on each battle. Betting was in favour of Cambridgeshire throughout, although at two separate times, Norfolk was two a head in the main, as may be seen by the statement. The parties have articled again for the match to be fought on the 16th, 17th, and 18th days of January, 1815. Had it not been for the great fall of snow, which was experienced in these parts, it is supposed that this would have been the largest meeting of the sort in England.

JUDGMENT

Of the Court of King's Bench on that celebrated Courtesan, MRS. MARY ANN CLARKE, *for Libel.*

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEB. 7.

The King *v.* Mary Ann Clarke.

IN expectation of the defendant being called on this day to receive judgment, the Court was crowded at an early hour.

The Attorney-General, on the cause being announced, stated, that the defendant, Mrs. Mary Ann Clarke, had been indicted for a libel she had published in a certain pamphlet, intitled, "A Letter, addressed to the Right Hon. William Fitzgerald, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Ireland, &c." and had let judgment go by default.

He

He had therefore now to pray the judgment of the Court against her.

Mrs. Clarke being accordingly called in, was ushered forward by the Officers of the Court, and took her place on the floor, supported by Mr. Harrison, her solicitor, amid the gazing curiosity of all present. She appeared quite composed, and perfectly at her ease. She had on a white muslin dress, a scarlet velvet spencer, and a white chip hat, covered with a large lace veil of the same colour. On taking her station, she put aside her veil, and partially surveyed the Court. Mr. Dealtry, the Deputy Clerk of the Crown Office, proceeded to read the libel, which stated in substance—

" That the character of Mr. Fitzgerald needed no additional reflective disgrace: it was already of so deep a dye as not to require any foreign shades to add to its blackness. What, it enquired, must the world in general think of him who seduces the wife of his intimate friend, causes the husband to be sent to a distant and an unhealthy climate, that he might the sooner fall a victim to the hand of death, then indulges his licentious passions, and when their effects began to be apparent, by deleterious and poisonous drugs, attempts to destroy the innocent for the guilty; that his avarice might be spared the charge of educating his offspring. Gracious God! Can such a cold-blooded monster exist? —Such a monster can exist—but who will believe (it enquires) that it will be found in the person of a Senator, of the Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, of a Lord of the Treasury, &c.—It went on to observe, that Mr. Fitzgerald must be aware that she was not speaking without a thorough knowledge of the facts and of his character: throughout she could testify to the truth of these assertions, and the authority she would adduce to prove them would be his own. When the unhappy victim was languishing under the deleterious effects of the drugs he had administered, and was hastening in the flower of her youth to a premature grave (it asserted) that Mrs. Clarke was employed by Mr. Fitzgerald to use her influence to procure an asylum for the unhappy female."

In another part of the letter, she enquired—

" Who was the grand-father of Mr. Fitzgerald, but a petty-fogging attorney at Ennis, who got his living by suing out dirty writs; his uncle was hanged for horse-stealing, and his aunt and sister were common street-walkers. It now remained to be seen (added the letter) whether the people of Great Britain and Ireland will allow such a profligate to exist, whose vows and false enticements were common as the air he breathed—who had committed a crime for which our language had no name—who was a deliberate destroyer of the unborn."

The defendant then put in the following affidavit, which was read:—

"Mary Ann Clarke maketh oath, that she feels great concern at having been betrayed into a violation of the law: that she hath been intimately acquainted with the prosecutor and his father for many years: that his father introduced the prosecutor to her previous to his going to College, as from the situation in which this deponent then lived she might do him much service in his progress through life.

" That deponent did render him many and essential services, and a great

great degree of intimacy subsisted between her and the prosecutor's said father, to whom she also rendered many services, and with whom she was in the habit of corresponding for a great length of time, and that she by this means became possessed of a great number of his letters, and which letters were afterwards, on occasion of a certain investigation, submitted to a Select Committee of the House of Commons; that the contents of some of these letters transpired, and as defendant was informed by the prosecutor, it was suggested to him by a member of his Majesty's Government, that if those letters were exposed to the public they would be highly detrimental to the prospects of the prosecutor and his father, and the former would be no longer able to represent the borough of Ennis, which had cost him a large sum of money; that the prosecutor became alarmed as to these letters; and immediately after they were ordered to be restored to this deponent, the prosecutor came to her in the greatest distress and agony of mind, to request the destruction of those letters: and the greater part of which he obtained possession of; and under promises of reward and favour, this deponent permitted them to be destroyed in his presence, after he had made himself acquainted with the contents.—That deponent having great confidence in the prosecutor's said father, entrusted him with the keeping of many letters, and papers of great public importance; and amongst others, she entrusted him with a letter from a person in high authority, conveying his assurance of providing for deponent's only son. 'That soon after the prosecutor had gained his point, by procuring the destruction of the said letters, he totally withdrew himself from her as a friend and visitor, where he had been previously a constant and almost a daily one, and estranged himself from all friendship towards her: and instead of the reward she had been promised, he, and his father, refused to return her papers which had been deposited in trust, and the prosecutor's father assured her he had destroyed them, and had burnt the said letter containing the promise of provision. And this deponent further saith, that the letters which she now hath in her possession, in the hand-writing of the said prosecutor and his father, clearly prove the truth of the above matters respecting their correspondence with, and obligations to this deponent, both before and since the proceedings in 1809, during a period of about fourteen years. That deponent repeatedly remonstrated with him on these matters, but finding those remonstrances unattended to, and being vexed and disappointed in her expectations, and treated with contempt, ingratitude, and indifference, she, under that influence, wrote and published the letter which is the subject of this prosecution, and which has been very little circulated.

"That this deponent at first pleaded not guilty to the indictment, but being advised she could not defend herself under that plea, withdrew it, and suffered judgment to go by default, and thereby wholly submits herself to the consideration of this honourable Court. That this deponent hath two daughters, one of them approaching the age of womanhood. That she hath hitherto, under many adverse circumstances and misfortunes, given them

them an education, and brought them up in honour and virtue.—And that, should this Honourable Court, in its wisdom, deprive her said daughters of her protection, they will be left totally destitute: and she humbly hopes, that these circumstances, and the state of her health, and that in the present case she has been actuated by no views of a political nature, but solely by the treatment received by the prosecutor in his private capacity will be taken into the consideration of this Honourable Court."

The Attorney-General then addressed the Court in the following terms:—On behalf of the prosecutor I shall not feel it necessary to trouble your Lordships at any length, since it is enough for the Court to have heard this most atrocious libel, to enable it to decide upon the judgment it will pronounce. All that has fallen from the Bench and from the Bar on former occasions, when malignant and defamatory libels have been brought before it, might now be with truth said, and I will therefore only observe upon two passages in the affidavit of the defendant. In the first line she talks of the concern she feels at having been betrayed into a violation of the law. I would beg the Court to observe, that this pamphlet consists of sixty pages, and on no one page can the eye be cast without being disgusted. So much for being accidentally and unwarily betrayed. Then she says that it has been little circulated; if so, no merit is due to the defendant; she did all she could to publish it widely, and at the bottom of the title page it is advertised as being sold by all booksellers; and for some time afterwards there was not a corner of a street without an announcement in large capitals of a second edition of this infamous publication. The defendant, however, says, that she feels great regret that she has offended; I will read to your Lordships a passage out of this pamphlet, and then leave the subject to your judgment. In page 7 of this scandalous letter, Mrs. Clarke says, "As yet I have shewn up" (the plain meaning of which is, my Lords, libelled,) "no one who did not richly deserve to be exposed to the public. This is the only revenge I am desirous of taking on those by whom I am ill treated." These words apply to those who she has traduced, under pretence of bringing them before a tribunal: those who have had the good fortune to give offence to this lady, and dropping the acquaintance; she proceeds, "And having brought them before that tribunal, I rest perfectly satisfied that impartial justice will be administered."——Rare tribunal of impartial justice! So that she puts out a scandalous libel against an individual, and then rests satisfied that the person she has thus brought before this rare tribunal, will meet that punishment to which she would consign him. She proceeds—"My adherence to this principle is clearly evinced by my never having done or written any thing with a view to private emolument." Is not this, my Lords, as much as to say, "I will have money from you, though not directly, for if you do not put a certain sum under a certain stone, I have a blister for your head that I shall not fail to apply." (*Mrs. Clarke here turned towards the Attorney General with a look of ineffable contempt, her back consequently to the Bench.*) The lady proceeds, my Lords—" I never had

had sufficient temptation to influence my conduct in any one instance." Now, your Lordships can judge by the manner and motives here disclosed, whether this crime was, as she states, a small accidental deviation from the rule of right, just to be regretted, but scarcely sufficient to be a subject of lamentation—she adds—" These hints I have just thrown out by the way, as cautions to those who either do not know, or require to be reminded."—Of what, my Lords? The answer is pointly given in Italics, " *that it is not my disposition to sit down quietly under studied injury, or ingratitude, and to the neglect of promises by men who never meant to perform them.*"—With what face then can she come before the Court, and assure your Lordships that it is only an unwary, slight aberration and violation of the law? But what follows? " For the benefit, therefore, of all whom it may concern, I here announce my intention of submitting to the public, in a short time, two or three volumes, which may be followed by others, as opportunity shall suit, or as circumstances may require."—I shall not say a single word more, but having read this passage, I shall leave the case in the hands of the Court.

The Attorney General then took his seat, and Mrs. Clarke turning towards him with wonderful complacency made him a low curtsey.

Mr. Park on the same side adverted to the threat held out by the defendant of publishing future volumes, from effecting which he hoped the Court would restrain her. He felt it only necessary to add, that of all the private libels that had, within his knowledge, come before the Court, the present appeared the most foul, malignant, and calumnious.

Mr. Scarlet followed, and observed that the prosecutor appeared before their Lordships merely as a private individual, and claimed their protection from the slanders that had been heaped upon him on no other ground.

The two last Gentlemen were each favoured with a curtsey and a contemptuous sneer from the defendant, who could not have conducted herself with greater undisturbed composure and indifference, if she had been really conscious of the justice of her cause and of the truth of the libel.

Mr. Brougham, on behalf of Mrs. Clarke, spoke in the following terms:—On the part of the defendant I should certainly not have troubled your Lordships with a single observation, but have rested her claim to mercy upon the statements in her affidavit, had it not been for the course which has been pursued by my learned friends, Counsel for the prosecution. I wish to put it more clearly in the view of the Court, than even their concessions will admit, that this case may be distinguished from others, where your Lordships have been called upon to give judgment upon the author of a libel of a public and political nature. For instance, where your Lordships have been compelled to inflict severe penalties on individuals who have published libels upon officers of high rank in the service, attacking and injuring them in their public capacity. Although here it is true that the individual named is the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, yet the libel not referring to the discharge of his official, but merely of his private duties, it is the

the same as if any unknown individual had been brought before the public: in his private character Mr. Fitzgerald preferred this Bill of Indictment, and in his private character he calls for the judgment of the Court upon the defendant on the floor. There is another circumstance which distinguishes this case, that I feel confident your Lordships will not forget in apportioning the punishment to be inflicted; I mean, that this offence has not been committed gratuitously, and wholly without provocation. It is not a wanton attack upon a public officer, as a public officer, composed by raking together his private feelings and domestic errors, without any previous intercourse or connection having subsisted between the parties, but it is the result, (I admit an unjustifiable result; the defendant admits a criminal result, or she would not have allowed judgment to go by default) of long and intimate acquaintance, friendship, and mutual connection between the defendant and the prosecutor, as is sworn upon her affidavit; her oath is not contradicted, although the Court would have allowed time for that purpose, had it been required, or if the thing had been possible. It appears to have been an intercourse of a most delicate nature between these two persons, not beginning and ending with the prosecutor, but in some sort inherent in his family; an intercourse supported, I am not entitled to say by a reciprocity of benefits, but actually conferred in no small measure or degree upon the very party who now brings the defendant into Court; an intercourse most delicate and most beneficial to Mr. Fitzgerald, not of the defendant's seeking, but brought about by the prosecutor himself and by his near connections, who were anxious for his advance in life, and who, it appears, could find no other or better way of accomplishing that desirable end than by recommending the young gentleman just before he went to college, to the kind attention and protection of the defendant. I have therefore a right to say, that it was an intercourse which the prosecutor's family anxiously sought, cemented on her part by favours asked by them and granted by her. Surely, my Lords, these circumstances, though no justification, (and amounting to nothing if we were now on a question of guilty or not guilty before a Jury), will now be taken into consideration by the Court, who will decide how far the prosecutor has a right to press for a severe visitation on the defendant who has committed this offence, in consequence of circumstances, it is not unnatural to suppose, arising out of that connection. The Libel originated in the burning of some letters of the prosecutor before the face of the defendant on certain promises. Similar documents she entrusted to the custody of the father of Mr. Fitzgerald, which were destroyed without her consent, and from the moment this end had been accomplished, all intercourse between the parties had been broken off; all the promises made of future favour and protection were forgotten. This is the provocation, and, as in every other case where private individuals are concerned, it will not fail to have its due weight. In urging these various circumstances in extenuation of the offence, I have not said that it has been committed by a woman, because I know that it might be imme-

immediately answered, that where the sex no longer imposes restraint, it ought to cease to afford protection; but before I conclude, I wish to refer to one point that cannot receive the same reply—that the person now upon the floor is a mother, and that her family may not be involved in her punishment, which she has sworn (and her oath may now be believed, since it did obtain credit on a former occasion, for a different purpose, in opposition to other testimony) she has hitherto brought up and educated in virtue and honour, no doubt lamenting that she herself, at the proper season, received no such parental regard. In apportioning the judgment to the crime, therefore, the Court will not fail to reflect upon the provocations received, and the womanish resentment occasioned. The libel was not ushered into the world to gratify popular malignity; still less did it originate in any baser view of a mercenary description; it arose entirely out of those other circumstances of a private nature, to which I have already called the attention of the Court. I cannot doubt, that in deciding upon this case, your Lordships will remember the relation in which she stands to her family, and their dependence upon her for a continuance in that path of virtue in which she swears she has ever been anxious to place them.

The Attorney-General observed, that before judgment was pronounced, he wished to inform the Court that another person was in attendance to receive sentence for printing the same libel. He therefore prayed sentence upon him also.

William Mitchell was then called into Court, and Mrs. Clarke seemed to enjoy the fine contrast of her own spirit and confidence, and the humility and submission of the poor old man, who, comparatively in rags, walked, or rather bowed across the Court, and placed himself by the side of the other defendant, who smiled as he approached her.

The indictment against Mitchell was then read. He put in an affidavit, stating that he had been merely an instrument in the hands of another person, who had applied to him, a journeyman printer, to put his name to the pamphlet. He was not aware of the libellous tendency of the publication, or he never would have consented, nor did he know it until he was so informed by the Solicitor for the prosecution. He was sixty years old, was very infirm, and had been long afflicted with an asthma. He therefore hoped for a merciful judgment.

The Attorney-General confirmed the statement that the defendant, Mitchell, was merely a tool employed by some designing individual, who had not yet been discovered.

Mitchell then, in a very low voice, said, that he had not printed the work for the sake of any emolument, as he had not received a single shilling for his trouble. He had printed it at the request of th son of another printer, quite ignorant of the contents.

The Attorney-General observed that this defendant would not hav been brought up for judgment, he had sooner made the necessar disclosure of the name of his prin cipal.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc then pr ceeded to pass the judgment of t Court upon Mary Anne Cla and William Mitchell. After

tic

ticing the nature of the offence, he remarked that a Grand Jury of their countrymen had found the defendants guilty, that judgment had been admitted to go by default, and that their crime was, even by their own consent, fully established.—It was unnecessary to repeat the libel, which it was true was upon an individual, but as the indictment set forth, holding a situation of high trust and confidence: it imputed to him crimes which would disgrace a man in the most humble station, but would render the prosecutor wholly unworthy of the office he now holds. It was impossible not to consider it a libel of very serious magnitude. Considering the vast variety of publications of this kind, that every term came before the Court, it was not easy to say which was the most infamous. It was on the present sufficient to remark, that in every view it was gross and scandalous, imputing crimes of the greatest enormity: of seducing the wife of his friend; of sending that friend to an unhealthy climate, and of administering to the wife poisonous drugs to procure abortion. The affidavit of M. A. Clarke alluded to certain provocations she had received from disappointment of promises and ingratitude. Supposing the fact to be, that promises of provision for herself and her family had been made, it could amount to nothing like a justification, or even an excuse, for defaming the individual, by attributing to him a capital crime; and when the offender was called up to judgment, she expressed no sincere contrition for having violated the law. The affidavit put in, only noticed the connection of the parties, and whether received with or without the comment of the Counsel for the defendant, no difference was produced in its effect. Every private libel tended to a breach of the public peace, but the details given in that now before the Court, more particularly, rendered it necessary that the defendant should be restrained, since she held out a threat that she possessed materials for three or four further libellous volumes, and it called in one part upon the people of England not to allow such a monster to hold any office under the Crown. In passing sentence, and awarding the punishment, it was the duty of the Court not only to regard the immediate effect upon the future conduct of the offenders, but upon the people at large, who might be influenced by bad example or deterred by necessary infliction. The learned Judge hoped, that the confinement and exclusion from society, that would be the result of the sentence, would enable the defendant, M. A. Clarke, to reflect upon her past life, upon the threats she had held out, and to amend the one and to retract the other. With regard to William Mitchell, it would afford a useful lesson to him and others how they allowed themselves to be imposed upon by the designing, for the purpose of defeating the law with impunity. The Court had again and again said that in cases of this nature, the inconvenience which might result to children from the punishment of the parents, ought not to divert the Court from its clear duty, although it might be lamented that it was thus sometimes necessary to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children. In some instances, however, the children might be benefited by being deprived of the instructions and example of the parent: how far that

 was

was likely to be the case here, it was not necessary for the Court to determine. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the sentence of the Court was, that Mary Anne Clarke should be committed to the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea, for nine calendar months, and at the expiration of that time, that she find security for her good behaviour in two sureties of 200l. each. The sentence upon William Mitchell was, that he should be committed to the same custody for four calendar months.

Mrs. Clarke curtseyed to the Court on retiring, and was conducted through Westminster Hall to a coach amidst a vast crowd of spectators.

ROTTEN-ROW FRACAS.

LAWS OF THE RIDE.

AT the Middlesex Sessions, Hicks's Hall, on Monday, the 14th instant, Mr. John Ellmore was indicted for assaulting James Cooke.

Mr. Knapp proceeded to state the case on the part of the prosecution. Cooke, he stated, was one of the gate-keepers of the ride, in Hyde Park, whose duty it was to obey and carry into effect the orders of the Ranger, Lord Sydney. One of these was, that the ride being intended for the recreation of Noblemen, Gentlemen, &c. no horse-dealers or jockies should be permitted to exercise therein; in defiance of this order, the defendant, who was one of the disqualified persons, not only forcibly attempted to enter the ring on the 23d of November last, but pursued his violence with angry threats against the plaintiff if ever he caught him outside of the Park. In this assault the defendant was accompanied by a stable-boy, who rode with him, and who leaped the bar which incloses the ride.—It would also appear in evidence, that the defendant dismounted from his horse, and held his fist clenched close to the plaintiff's face, at the same time daring him to fight; and all this violence was continued without the smallest provocation.

The learned Counsel here called the plaintiff, James Cooke, who proved the statement of Mr. Knapp.

Witness said, that he offered no provocation, except that which his duty made it imperative he should use. Previous to his having approached the defendant, he called out to him, "You must not go there," (meaning the ride)—the answer witness received to this intimation was, "You cowardly ———, will you fight?" Defendant at the same time placing himself in a boxing attitude, and afterwards saying, "If ever I catch you out of the Park, I'll do for you." Witness's orders were strict, that he should allow no horse-dealers to exercise in the ride; the defendant was the brother of one, and he believed one himself.—Witness once refused admission to the Duke of Buccleugh, when in company with a jockey.

On his cross-examination by Mr. Alley, he denied having used the smallest provocation, or that he held the bridle of defendant's horse. He was also ignorant that defendant was a military gentleman: on the contrary, he believed him to be connected with his brother, who was a horse-dealer, in Duke-street.

Mr.

Mr. Barron, of the Barrack Office, stated, that he was in the Park on the morning of the 23d of November. This witness corroborated Cooke's testimony. In answer to a question from Counsel, he declared he was passing near the ride at the time, but that he was a quite a stranger to both parties.

Another witness was about to be examined, when Mr. Alley interposed: he observed, that he did not wish to consume unnecessarily the time of the Court. His client had done wrong in forcing over the railing; but he could not help remarking upon some observations which were unfairly introduced in the prosecution. It was stated that the goung gentleman, Mr. Ellmore, was a horse-dealer—that was not the fact. It was true he had a relation in that business, from whom he used occasionally to borrow a horse for his recreation; but he himself was a military gentleman, having lately received a commission in the army. The stable-boy, who had been also talked of, was a servant who rode after Mr. Ellmore on the day in question. The learned Counsel concluded by appealing to the Jury on the uncandid circumstances of the prosecution.——*Guilty.—Fine* 20s.

EAGLES IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

"I Once," says the Author of Travels in that Country, "attended on a young nobleman who had a great desire to see the antiquities of Nismes, before he went to Marseilles. Accordingly we took our route through St. Flour, intending to proceed from thence to Mende, in the Gevaudan, and so across the Cevennes. In the neighbourhood of Mende, an officer of distinction invited his Lordship to spend two or three days with him at his country seat, and entertained him accordingly in the most elegant manner. At the first collation he made for us, we observed with some surprise, that all the wild fowl were dismembered before they were served up! One was brought without a head, another without a wing, and a third without a leg! Upon which our officer told us in a very agreeable manner, that he hoped we would excuse the voraciousness of his purveyor, who always took the liberty to be his taster before any thing of that kind was brought to table. When we desired to know who this extraordinary person was, he entertained us with the following relation:—'In these mountainous parts,' said he, 'more fertile than any others throughout the kingdom, the eagles frequently build their nests in the cavities of such inaccessible rocks, as can scarcely be ascended even by the assistance of ladders and climbing irons. As soon as the peasantry have discovered the situation of these nests, they immediately erect at the foot of the rock a small hut or hovel, in which they secure themselves from the resentment of those destructive birds, when they convey their prey to their young ones. The male and female jointly take care to furnish them with all necessary provisions for three months successively; but when that term is expired, one of the eagles is turned out and obliged to make a trial of his strength. The parents, if they find his wings fail him, and he is in danger of falling, fly

fly on each side of him, and bear him up. During all the time the eaglets remain in the nest, the old ones make prodigious havock all round the country; capons, chickens, ducks, lambs, kids, and sucking pigs, are easy victims. In fact, whatever falls in their way is seized and carried to the nest. The distant parks and woods, however, supply them with the most favourite game, where they find pheasants and partridges in abundance, with woodcocks, wild ducks, hares, and even young fawns. The peasants in their huts, watch their motions, and soon as they find the parent eagles have taken their flight, they immediately raise the ladders, climb the rocks, and then carry off the dainties which the eagles have provided, and leave the entrails of animals, or any other coarse provision, in lieu of what they take away. But as it is impossible for them to be quite so expeditious as to prevent these young eagles from devouring some part of their food, the fowls, &c. are mostly mangled more or less. However, to make amends for this, these fragments have a more delicious flavour than any thing that can be purchased in the markets. When the young eaglet is grown strong enough for flight, which is a considerable time first, as he is deprived of his dainties, and obliged to take up with carrion, the peasants bind him fast down and confine him to the nest, that his parents may continue to ravage for his future support. At last, however, the task grows disagreeable to them, and obliges the male first, and then the female, to forsake him. The male, therefore, looks out for a more commodious situation, the female follows soon after, and their mutual indulgence and affection for another brood, makes them forget the eaglet under confinement, who is left to perish with hunger, unless some compassionate peasant chooses to relieve them.

SPORTING ON THE THAMES.

THE Thames, it has been observed by an elegant writer, "has contributed at various eras to the amusement of thousands when in a *frozen state*." The first time any thing of this kind appeared, of which we have any circumstantial details, was in the winter of 1715-16—when a printing press being established opposite Whitehall, the following advertisement was written:

> You that walk here and do design to tell,
> Your children's children what here befel,
> Go print your names, and take a dram within,
> For such a year as this has seldom been.

A newspaper of the 14th of January, 1716, says, "The Thames seems now a solid rock of ice, and booths for the sale of brandy, wine, ale, and other exhilirating liquors, have been for some time fixed thereon; but now it is in a manner like a town; thousands of people cross it. On Thursday a great cook's shop was erected, and gentlemen went as frequently to dine there as at any ordinary. Over against Westminster, Whitehall, and White Friars, printing presses are kept upon the ice, where many persons have their names printed to transmit the wonders of the season to posterity."

Coaches, waggons, carts, &c. were driven on it, and an enthusiast itinerant preached to a motley congregation. In fact the Prince of Wales, and many of the Nobility,

lity, were at this fair of 1716, and though a high spring tide occurred, and raised the ice full fourteen feet, it did not interrupt the public, who, during this period, almost deserted the Theatres. The frost broke entirely on the 15th of February, and how much it exceeded the present frost of 1814, may be gathered partly from these lines—

Thou beauteous river Thames, whose standing tide,
Equals the glory of thy flowing pride;
The City, nay the world's transferr'd to thee,
Fix'd as the land, and richer than the sea.
Three miles together for the common good,
The slippery substance offers dainty food.
Here healing port wine, and there Rhenish flows;
Here Bohea tea, and there tobacco grows;
In one place you may meet good Cheshire cheese,
Another proffers whitest Brentford peas.
Here is King George's picture, there Queen Anne's,
Now nut-brown ale in cups, and now in cans;
See there's the Mall, and in that little hut,
The best Geneva's sold, and love to boot.
See there a sleek Venetian Envoy walks,
See here an Alderman more proudly stalks.
Here is St. James's-street, yonder the Strand,
In this place Bowyer plies—that's Lintot's stand.

These, let it be understood, were booksellers.

The next frost was that of 1739-40, commencing on the 4th of December, and continuing nine weeks, or sixty-three days. The Thames was completely frozen over as before, and to the eatables, the drinking booths, &c. were added puppet shows and wild beasts. The thaw at length was sudden, and the confusion extreme. A vessel lying off Rotherhithe, and partly fastened to the main beams of a house, being forced away by the weight and pressure of the ice, pulled away the whole building and killed five persons sleeping in their beds. The cold was most severe on Christmas-day, 1796, but though the Thames was then partially frozen, the frost was not of sufficient duration to afford any thing like the amusement enjoyed before or since.

There is a slight mention made by some of the writers in the reign of Charles the Second, of a very great frost, and of a sledge being used upon the Thames, when that licentious Monarch passed a whole night there; but it is to be regretted that for the want of newspapers or magazines at that period, nothing further of this frost is recorded.

From the whole it must be agreed that the late frost of 1814, though it occasioned the creation of a few drinking booths, a printing press, &c. and these principally opposite to Queenhithe, with a brisk promenade between the bridges for a few days, it was nevertheless a mere shadow in comparison with what the frozen Thames has afforded in the preceding frosts of the last and the present centuries.

ANECDOTE OF PETER THE GREAT.

AMONG other singularities which marked the conduct of this singular Monarch on various occasions, the following is not the least whimsical.

Peter, who respected all religions, arrived one day at Dantzic. The gates of the town, which he found

found shut, were opened to him, and upon his entrance he enquired the reason, and was informed that every one was at Church. The inhabitants were Lutherans; and the Czar having a curiosity to be present during their service, desired to be conducted to the principal Church. As soon as he entered it, every person rose up out of respect, and the Magistrates prepared to leave their seats to meet him; but he made a sign that the service should not be interrupted, and that every one should remain in his place; and walking immediately up to the first Burgomaster, he seated himself beside him. This Burgomaster, according to the custom of the place, had on a large wig. Peter, out of reverence, had taken off his fur cap, which he held in his hand, and feeling his head cold, he turned round, took off the wig of the Burgomaster, and put it on his own head, not thinking this method of preserving himself from the cold had any thing extraordinary in it. The astonishment of the assembly at the sight of the bald head of the Magistrate, and at that of Peter muffled up in an enormous wig, may be easily imagined. The sermon being ended, to which Peter listened with great attention, he rose to go away, and taking the wig off his head, returned it to the Burgomaster, thanking him for it in the most obliging manner. This scene would form an admirable subject for the pencil of Gilray. The Czar with his fur cap in his hand, and the Burgomaster's wig on his head; the Burgomaster's bald pate, with the restrained smile on the countenances of the other grave Magistrates, with the fixed attention of Peter to the sermon, regardless of all around him, and the earnestness of the Preacher in the pulpit, all together would form such a humorous and grotesque groupe, as has not been exhibited since the days of Hogarth.

ACCOUNT OF THE NEW OPERA, OF "THE FARMER'S WIFE."

ON Tuesday, the 1st instant, a new Opera was performed the first time at Covent-Garden Theatre, entitled, "*The Farmer's Wife*." The characters and plot are as follow:—

Sir Charles Courtly....	Mr. Jones.
Cornflower (the Farmer)	Mr. Fawcett.
Captain Belton........	Mr. Sinclair.
Farmer Barnard	Mr. Incledon.
Mr. Williams (the Curate)..........	Mr. Chapman.
Dr. Pother (the Village Apothecary)......	Mr. Mathews.
Peter (Valet to Sir Charles)	Mr. Liston.
Robin (Servant to Barnard	Mr. Emery.
Stubble (Bailiff to Cornflower)......	Mr. Slader.
William (Servant to Ditto)	Mr. Tinney.
Chalk (a Landlord)....	Mr. Atkins.
Mrs. Cornflower	Miss Stephens.
Miss Courtly (Sister to Sir Charles)....	Miss Matthews.
Jenny (her Maid)......	Mrs. Davies.
Susan } Maids of the Farm.	Miss S. Booth.
Fanny } Maids of the Farm.	Miss Rennell.

THE PLOT.

Cornflower, a plain, hospitable farmer, of the most rigid integrity, having saved the life of Emma Belton, the accomplished daughter of a reduced man of fashion, is rewarded with Emma's hand, though she is much younger than himself. They live happily at the farm, till Cornflower is obliged to visit the metropolis through a lawsuit, and during his absence, Sir Charles

Courtly,

Courtly, an intriguing baronet, gains admission to the farm-house by stratagem, in the hope of seducing the lady; who, imposed upon by the appearance of his chaise overturned at the farm gate, and his pretending a severe hurt in consequence of the accident, pays him every attention in her power, and requests him to stay at the farm till perfectly able to travel. His manners, more congenial to her own than those of her husband, assisted by his art and assiduity, occasions her fancy to receive an impression, which, though dangerous, does not affect her heart. The farmer returns, approves of his wife's hospitality; but Sir Charles, fearing a discovery of his intention, affects to be perfectly recovered, and fixes a day for his departure. Barnard, another farmer, suspecting something wrong between Sir C. and Mrs. C. endeavours to put Cornflower on his guard, but the latter having an implicit confidence in his Emma's virtue, treats his advice with contempt. The Baronet departs, and Cornflower having seen him off, rides to a County Meeting; soon after, Mrs. Cornflower and her favourite maid Fanny both disappear, and all search for them is fruitless. At Cornflower's return, the flight of his wife is revealed to him by the Curate (Williams)—his agony is extreme, and he determines to go in search of her, though ignorant of where she is gone. Captain Belton, (Mrs. C.'s brother) having returned from abroad, and lost his affections to Miss Courtly, the Baronet's sister, (though unacquainted either with the Baronet, or the knowledge of his being at the farm, which is equally unknown to Miss C.) proceeds to the farm to visit his sister and brother-in-law, and arrives on the day of her elopement: is acquainted by Barnard with the whole circumstance, and having learned the supposed seducer's name, recollects he has heard Miss C. mention a sequestered villa of Sir Charles's a few miles from the farm, and thither he and Barnard go in search of the fugitives.

Robin, an honest Yorkshireman, servant to Barnard, sets off also, in company with Dr. Pother, the village apothecary, (whose characteristic is, a propensity for telling long stories in an unintelligible manner) on the same pursuit: but at a venture, not knowing where to seek them; and Williams having discovered a description of Courtly Hall in a road book, Cornflower, from this clue, follows the objects of his resentment. Robin and the Doctor, being forced by the rain into a public-house, meet with Peter (Sir Charles's valet, who had been with him at the farm), and force him to confess that Mrs. C. was carried off by stratagem and force; in the mean time Miss Courtly, astonished at her brother's absence, having from his own letters expected him several weeks in town, goes down to the villa to seek him, and also (as he is her guardian) to consult him in regard to Captain Belton's addresses, and arrives there on the same morning with the Captain, who is introduced while she is explaining the reasons of her visit to the villa. An equivoque occurs here through the Captain's demanding his own sister, while from the previous conversation with Miss C. Sir Charles supposes it is his sister; and a duel is on the point of taking place, when Cornflower's unexpected appearance explains the business, and Sir

Charles resolves to brazen the whole out; denies any knowledge of Mrs. C. and demands satisfaction for the stain cast upon his honour. Miss Courtly, however, having discovered the lady locked up in the house, rushes into the room with her, to the confusion of the Baronet; Cornflower, though transported at seeing her again, refuses to receive her again as his wife (although he assures her of his protection), till her assertions and those of Sir Charles, that she is innocent, are unequivocally substantiated. The farmer and his wife are again reconciled, without the latter having in the least compromised his honour — The Baronet, subdued by shame and confusion, endeavours to make what amends he can for his profligacy, and, according to the fashionable and criminal code of honour, offers to give Captain Belton the satisfaction of a Gentleman for his sister's disgrace; but this is prevented by the spirited interference of Miss Courtly, whose hand is eventually consigned to that of her gallant lover, as the ratification of a general peace.

As a vehicle for music, this piece is certainly not amongst the worst performances of the day, but the dialogue has nothing in it to recommend three long acts, and but for the powerful efforts of Liston, Mathews, Emery, and Jones, would have been tedious beyond bearing.

There is a good deal of sentimental conversation; and a distressing picture of a man, who thinks he has for ever lost a beloved wife, is represented in colours which plainly testify the ambition of the author to bear the character of touching the heart, as well as that of easing the mind of its burthens. There is a very gay and animated scene of true coarse humour in the first act, between Jones and Liston, which was admirably acted; the little that Emery had to do was also executed with his usual unparalleled nature; and in the third act, when Mr. Fawcett is informed that his wife had eloped, he displays a faculty of impression and pathos that produced universal emotion. It was one of the best pieces of acting we ever witnessed. The principal female part was sustained by Miss Stephens. She sung several songs with the greatest feeling; and as they were for the most part of a pensive character, she had the better opportunity of giving effect to the music, by dwelling upon those tones which distinguish her voice from that of any other English performer. There is an inexpressible quality in her voice, which makes it resemble, in some of her upper notes, the sound of distant music, and she applies this with infinite judgment to passages in her song where the feelings are most appealed to. Miss Matthews, too, sung with much taste. Sinclair had but few songs, but he executed them with his usual sweetness. Incledon sung one fine plaintive song exquisitely. Many encores took place, and the piece passed off with much approbation. Before the curtain was raised, the house was crowded in every part.

SKATING IN THE ISLE OF ELY.

ON Tuesday, the 17th of January last, a purse of ten guineas was skated for on the great river at Wisbech, by eight skaters, which was won by Wicklin, a Crow-

Crowland man; the weather proving so very severe and rough this day, prevented several principal skaters from attending; the distance was two miles, which is the course generally run. There was a large concourse of people assembled together from most quarters of the neighbouring villages, to witness the races.

On the same day was skated for, on the One Hundred Foot River, at Mepal, a very good watch, which was won by a young lad, of the name of Wm. Drake, aged 16 years, who astonished the spectators. There were also some other very excellent and well-contested heats.

On the same day and same course, a match for two guineas was skated for between Davis, a Chatteris man, and Purrant, an Earith man, which was won by the former with great ease; the distance run, a mile.

On Tuesday, the 3d of February, was skated for on the river at Salter's Load, near Downham, in Norfolk, by eight skaters, a very good hat, which was won by a man of the name of Tuck, beating Dunham and other skaters.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1814.

(The Figure before each Horse's Name, denotes his Age at May-Day, 1814.)

Continued from our Magazine for November last, page 54.

7. AMADES, by Don Quixote; dam, Fanny, by Sir Peter Teazle; grandam by Diomed, Old Marsk, out of Tiffany and Laburnum's dam, by Lord Portmore's Skim.—At Wentworth-Lodge, near Rotherham, Yorkshire, at 6gs.

10. ARCHDUKE, by Archduke, (own Brother to Stamford); out of an own Sister to Beningbrough, by King Fergus.—At Knutsford, Cheshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

8. ASHTON, by Walnut, out of Miss Haworth, by Spadille, Clayhall-Marsk, Herod, Goldfinder, Compton Barb, out of Vanessa, by Regulus, Fox, &c.—At King's Farm, near Woodford Wells, Essex, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

10. CARDINAL YORK, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Charmer, by Phenomenon, Fitzherod, Young Cade, &c.—At Mr. Ellerker's, at Hart, near Stockton, Durham, at 7gs. and 5s.

13. CASTREL, (own Brother to *Selim*) by Buzzard; dam by Alexander, Highflyer, Alfred, Engineer; Bay Malton's dam, by Cade, out of Clarke's Lass of the Mill, by Old Traveller.—At Mr. Knapton's Stud-Farm, Huntington, near York, at 10gs. and 10s. 6d.

12. CERBERUS, by Gohanna, dam by Herod; grandam, Desdemonda, by Old Marsk, out of Young Hagg, by Lord Portmore's Skim.—At Bishop-Burton, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

12. CHORUS, (own Brother to *Tuneful*) by Trumpator; dam, Seafowl, (own Sister to Seagul) by Woodpecker, out of Middlesex, by Snap.—At Womersley, near Pontefract, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

6. COTTAGER, by Hambletonian; dam, (Langold's dam) by the Duke of Bedford's Dragon; grandam, (Scourge's dam) by Herod, Northumberland Arabian, out of a Sister to Skim, by the Bolton Starling.—At Monkman's Repository, at 5gs. and a crown.

7. GANYMEDE, by Delpini; dam, Astarté, by St. Paul; Jessica, by High-

Highflyer; Jewel, by Squirrel; Sophia, by Blank, out of Lord Leigh's Diana, by Second.—At Heslington, two miles from York, at 5gs.

12. GOVERNOR, by Trumpator, dam by Highflyer, out of Othe-othea, by Otho, Snap, Regulus, &c.—At Mr. Adam Dunn's, Morton, near Northallerton, Yorkshire, at 7gs. and 10s. 6d.

11. GRAZIER, (late the Duke of Hamilton's) by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (own Sister to Aimator) by Trumpator, Herod, Snap, Gower Stallion, Devonshire Childers.—At Mr. Tute's, the Red-Lion Inn, Pontefract, Yorkshire, at 3gs. and 3s.

22. HAMBLETONIAN, by King Fergus; dam, Grey Highflyer, by Highflyer; grandam, Monimia, by Match'em, Alcides, Crab, out of Snap's dam, by Fox, &c.—At Catterick, near Richmond, Yorkshire, twenty-five mares at 15gs. each, and one guinea.

17. HYACINTHUS, by Coriander; dam, Rosalind, by Phenomenon; grandam, Atalanta, by Match'em, out of Mr. Coates's Lass of the Mill, by Oroonoko, Old Traveller, &c.—At Blyth, near Bawtry, Notts, at 5gs. and 5s.

11. JULIUS CÆSAR, by Alexander; dam, Constantia, by Sir Peter Teazle, Mungo, Latham's Snap, out of Sappho, by Regulus.—At Catterick, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

10. KNOWSLEY, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Bab, by Bourdeaux, out of Speranza, (own Sister to Saltram) by Eclipse.—At Broat's House, near Pickering, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and 5s.

9. MOWBRAY, by Pandolpho, out of Mother Redcap, by Rockingham, Alfred, Pearson's Little Partner, Snip, Bloody-Buttocks.—At Oran-Farm, near Catterick, Yorkshire, at 6gs. and 10s. 6d.

13. NEWCASTLE, by Waxy, dam by Woodpecker, Match'em; Nisa, by Omar, out of Craven, by Partner.—At Halton, near Warrington, Lancashire, at 6gs. and 10s. 6d.

7. OCTAVIAN, by Stripling, dam by Oberon; grandam, (own Sister to Sir Charles Turner's Sharper) by Ranthos; great grandam by Mr. Turner's Sweepstakes, out of an own Sister to Mr. Hutton's Careless.—At the same place and price as *Mowbray*.

8. PAUL, by Hambletonian; dam, Caroline, by Phenomenon; Faith, by Pacolet; Atalanta, by Match'em, out of Coates's Lass of the Mill, by Oroonoko, Old Traveller, &c.—At Mr. Triffitt's, Stillingfleet, near York, at 5gs. and a half.

9. PETRONIUS, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Louisa, by Javelin, Herod, Snap; Chalkstone's dam, by Shepherd's Crab; Miss Meredith, by Cade, out of the Hartley Little Mare, who was the dam of Blank, &c.—At Middlethorpe, near York, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

8. ROVER, by Hyacinthus, dam by Overton; grandam, Katherine, by Highflyer; Sincerity, by Match'em, out of Papillon, the dam of Sir Peter Teazle, &c.—At Carlisle, Cumberland, at one guinea and a half.

25. ST. GEORGE, by Highflyer, out of an own Sister to Soldier, by Eclipse: Miss Spindleshanks, by Omar, Bolton Starling, Godolphin Arabian.—At the Bay Horse, without Micklegate-Bar, York, at 5gs. and 10s. 6d.

12. SIR PAUL, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Pewett, by Tandem; Termagant, by Tantrum, Sampson, Regulus, out of Old Marsk's dam.—At Wentworth-Lodge, near Rotherham,

therham, Yorkshire, at 10gs. and one guinea.

12. Sir Reginald, by Precipitate; dam, Rachel, (own Sister to the Maid of All-Work) by Highflyer, out of a Sister to Tandem, by Syphon.—At the same place as Knowsley, at 5l. and 5s.

7. Sledmere, by Delpini, dam by Gabriel, out of Sir Launcelot's dam, by King Fergus, Mortonia, by Herod, &c.—At Norton-Conyers, near Ripon, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a crown.

19. Stripling, by Phenomenon; dam, Laura, by Eclipse, Locust, Cade, Young Greyhound, Partner. At Fulford-Grange, near York, at 8gs. and a half.

11. Trafalgar, by Gohanna; dam, (Sister to Skysweeper) by Highflyer; grandam, (Chanticleer's dam) by Eclipse, out of Rosebud, by Snap, Regulus, Bartlett's Childers, Honywood's Arabian, Byerley Turk.—At Mr. W. Lee's, Leconfield-Park, near Beverley, Yorkshire. at 5gs. and a crown.

7. Trophonius, (Bay) by Beningbrough, dam by Stamford, Phenomenon, out of Matron, by Florizel.——At Middleton-Tyas, near Richmond, Yorkshire, at 7gs. and a half.

11. Warrior, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam by Young Marsk, Match'em, Tarquin, out of a Sister to Antelope, by Young Belgrade.—At Lytham, near Preston, Lancashire, at 5gs. and a half.

9. Whitworth, by Agonistes; dam by Jupiter, Highflyer, Match'em, out of an own Sister to Pioneer, by Old England, Old Traveller, &c.—At Kirk-Merrington, seven miles from Durham, at 6gs. and a half.

10. Windle, by Beningbrough, out of Mary-Ann, (the dam of Young Chariot, Pam, Oriana, &c.) by Sir Peter Teazle, Young Marsk, Match'em, &c.—At Mr. Peirse's Stables, near Richmond, Yorkshire.—Blood Mares *gratis*, except half-a-guinea to the groom.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

EVERY human soul endowed with feeling, every advocate for the sacred cause of justice and morality, every Briton alive to our boasted national characteristic of mercy and compassion, must acknowledge themselves under an obligation to your excellent correspondent *Humanitas*. I refer to your Magazine of December, and the article of the Royal Hunt. But for the most meritorious solicitude of *Humanitas*, and his independent spirit, disdaining to plaster over and conceal the vices of the great, and his impartiality of judging both the prince and the peasant, a most horrid and unnatural act of cruelty towards an innocent beast might have escaped general observation, and that salutary correction, which, as the case stands, can only be administered by the force of public opinion, and through the medium of a bold and independent press. Beyond all doubt it was the object, and most justly, of Lord Erskine's Bill, to punish enormities of this kind; nor could the prince more than the peasant, claim an exemption in case of a breach of positive law. In a free state, such as our's claims to be, a prince cannot break the law with impunity, excepting through the base and grovelling connivance of those, whose indispensable duty it is, both to

to the prince himself and the country, to act with an honest firmness in the day of trial. The same duty devolves upon the public press, in flagrant cases, which yet, the law cannot reach—materially in the affair of barbarity to brute beasts; the destiny of which at best, under the mundane system, is sufficiently hard, without any additional and unnecessary inflictions. The most exquisite sufferings of men and beasts, more particularly of the latter, have ever formed the favourite amusement of man in his uncivilised or half-civilised state; and the accounts of our English sports of this kind in former times, are most horrible. Merciful heaven!—that to witness the forlorn, deserted state of a miserable animal, looking up for pity, and endowed with bodily feelings like our own, and its exposure to all the variety of agonizing tortures that the most hellish ingenuity can in-invent, should be mistaken for sport! It would tempt us to exclaim with the poet—

Humanity's our worst disease!

That human nature is radically vile and incorrigible. It is more astonishing still, that such a vice—such an unnatural, cowardly, back-door propensity, as the wanton oppression and torture of the defenceless, should lurk in the bosom even of civilised men! Yet although the press has effected much in the cause of humanity, especially during the last twenty years, the ground has been gained inch by inch, and the most strenuous opposition made to the cause of doing as we would be done unto, by the learned, the civilised, and the polite, by the powerful advocates of religion and social order! Lest the arguments drawn from our supposed interest and gratifications should fail, the almost equally infallible ones of ridicule and drollery—drollery on such a subject!—have succeeded. And a living orator has put in his claim to the most creditable and respectable want of feeling, enough, indeed, to rank him with one of his political prototypes, at once the great advocate of bull-baiting and torturing beasts for amusement, and the most kind-hearted and pleasant man of his time; the stickler to the last, for negro slavery and the ancient tyrannies, and the mouth-piece of liberty.

Humanitas re-states that—" A stag was then turned out from a cart, whose leg had been dislocated; although lame, he ran an hour and three quarters, and was taken just beyond Hartford Bridge." I must confess, when I first read the above passage in the *Morning Chronicle*, where I believe it first appeared, I had no idea, but that the lameness of the devoted victim was accidental; and even in that case I should have deemed it a base and cowardly piece of cruelty, to put an animal to the torture of running in such a state, superadded to the common torture of its fears, and its exertions between life and death. But—gracious God! as I proceeded, to find that the poor animal's limb was purposely dislocated by barbarous and cold-blooded ingenuity and force, the paper dropped from my hand; long as I have been accustomed to the relation of, and to witness all kinds of barbarity, until that moment I had never heard of the brutal practice in question, perfectly accordant with the usages of savages, and of the inhabitants of New South Wales. I have nothing to say against the amusement and exercise

ercise

ercise of hunting, fairly conducted, nor against fair and honourable boxing, but let us have no force of inclination, no gouging and biting, no striking and kicking the fallen man. But I am afraid many of the knowing, base, dirty, underhand acts of cruelty of former days, are still too prevalent in our hunting system; and stupifying, debasing custom, sanctions their needless continuance. In the mean time, what description of persons can be the executioners in this hellish operation of torture? Who are they, and what are they? Who give the orders, or, if ashamed of such orders, who give the hints, or does the act of infamy originate with the understrappers! Where is the unnatural, base, grovelling, grinning, pimping scoundrel, who can put his unfeeling claws to the act of grinding dislocation? Of what kind or degree, are those unclean beasts in human shape, or those dæmons, who bind and hold down the agonised victim, the deer that weeps? There is great public need of a school to teach feeling. May such, with dislocated joints, have the fate to run from the death-dealing jaws of bloodhounds, and may it be their chance to survive, well marked and edifying examples! May the finger of contempt and scorn point at them wherever they go, to the end of their days, or the beginning of their repentance!

Two years since, Mr. Editor, I observed in that egregiously popular annual publication, Moore's Almanack Improved, you were quoted, with honourable mention, on the topic of feeling towards brutes. Don't be alarmed, Sir, not in the astrological part; the lining of Huntington's God-sent breeches, so well fitted for scull-caps to the noddles of the wise men of Gotham, where victories are purchased and Bonaparte taken prisoner, at the small expence of two shillings and two-pence; but in the few customary pages at the latter end, dedicated to common sense on rural subjects. As it will be but fair and reciprocal, you shall, if you please, Sir, quote Dr. Francis Moore's common sense, as follows:—

Horrible Cruelty to an Animal, from the Public Papers of July 1813.

"Monday week, a farmer at Gedney, treated a valuable mare, his own property, in the most brutal manner, without any provocation whatever. The poor animal was drawing a cart out of a deep hole, when the owner took a large oak stake, and with both hands beat her upon the loins, and afterwards struck out one of her eyes; he then suffered the animal to remain in that state several hours, with its eye hanging down and bleeding from the socket, and a young foal sucking by her side, without permitting a farrier to interpose any of the offices of humanity. Not long since, the same man beat one of his cows, until she slipped calf and died; and kicked a fat sheep upon the mouth and face, in such a brutal manner, that it was shortly after found dead in the field. Humanity shudders at the recital of those repeated acts of cruelty, and calls aloud for the Legislature for some enactment, to protect our domestic animals from the outrages of such inhuman monsters." The Editor continues,

"On reference to the Itinerary, Gedney appears to be in the Fen district of Lincolnshire. We most cordially join the newspaper writers, on the pressing necessity of legislative interference in this case; holding it no breach of the lawful right

right of proprietors, who cannot possibly, in a civilised community, possess that of treating their beasts with injustice, barbarity, and tortures. We were at no rate convinced by those arguments, which, however, had the force to reject Lord Erskine's Bill; still less by those used without doors, whether of ridicule so well befitting such cases! or by others expressed or implied, the most cunning, base and sordid, and utterly derogatory to the English character, famous for its sensibility. Let those who then affected to doubt, attend seriously to the above horrible instance, which has never been denied or palliated; and let them not forget the valuable horse, which for some trifling skittishness, was last year, beaten to death in Essex, by a father and son, each contending who should excel in the diabolical exertion! Some answer to this accusation was given in the public papers, but merely by way of an attempt at exculpation, without any controversion of the alledged facts. An annual volume might be made, as the writer of this has too great reason to be convinced, of the most atrocious acts of cruelty, inflicted upon unoffending beasts; and more especially in default of legislative provision, the public press ought to be the great engine of detection, exposure, and of such punishment as lies in its power to inflict. A public mark of infamy ought to be branded upon those dangerous miscreants, whom nature has cursed with such abominable and savage passions. As a sacred duty, we call upon the magistracy, the clergy, the landholders, all, who from office, rank, property, or talents, have a just and natural influence, for their prompt interference, and marked reprobation of every act of such foul and monstrous barbarity, committed in their neighbourhood, without respect of person or rank, in the delinquents; and conclude with stating that, since the discussion of Lord Erskine's bill, the London Magistrates have most patriotically declared, they shall assume the discretionary power of punishing enormous and flagrant barbarities committed upon beasts, although by their proprietors."

The above foul catalogue of barbarities might be greatly extended, even by late instances, no way inferior in abomination. They cry aloud for the utmost vigilance of the press, and of all those who interest themselves in the humanity and morals of the rising generation. Altars raised to humanity in the hearts of the people, will prove a more grateful sacrifice to the Almighty, than rearing conventicles, or forwarding the interested purposes of commercial religion. I call upon Lord Erskine, in the sacred name of real religion, to renew his most meritorious attempts; to persevere, to cover his brow with the laurels of mercy, which will never fade. His bill once past, will prove a grand preventive, the best species of legislative provision.

I shall conclude for the present, with remarking that, however monstrous and revolting the acts of cruelty last related, yet as the instantaneous result of maddening, and perhaps almost unconscious passion, they are yet, in the scale of infamy, far below the act first gibbeted, which could only arise from the stupidity of idiotism, or the cold and calculating cunning of a base and savage and dishonest heart. A ray of pleasing, even if delusive hope, sheds its momentary influence

influence over my saddened heart—is there not yet a possibility that the lameness of the poor stag was really accidental—that the whole is a calumnious fable, and that there really never existed in our English hunting practice such a hellish custom?—I remain, Sir, &c. &c.

A Bit of a Jockey.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1814.

Malton	March	28
Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire	April	5
Newmarket Craven Meeting		11
Catterick-Bridge		13
Middleham		18
Newmarket First Spring Meeting		25
Durham		26
Chester	May	2
Stockton-upon-Tees		5
Newmarket Second Spring Meeting		9
York Spring Meeting		16

PROJECTED UNION BETWEEN SCHOOLMASTERS AND THE WHIP CLUB.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

SIR,

IN these days of universal union, when all the jarring interests of the North have united for the common good—England with Ireland—Opposition with Ministers—Portland-place with Pall-Mall—the two Grand Lodges of Free-masons, after separation for a century,—and Bell and Lancaster alone hold out, it is a matter of wonder that no union has yet taken place between the Society of *Schoolmasters* and the *Whip Club.*

Of this latter association I have the honour to be a member, and as our objects are so perfectly identified with those of the Society of Schoolmasters, I must express my surprise that no overtures for a coalition of these fraternities were made by any of the Right Reverend and Reverend Divines lately assembled at the Crown and Anchor, and that within those walls which have echoed prosperity to the union of the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock, no libation was consecrated to the everlasting union of the *Birch* and the *Holly*.

To those, if there be any, who do not instantly perceive the close connection and natural alliance of these two societies, I trust, with little effort, to demonstrate the parallel.

If to *bridle* the unruly, *curb* the headstrong, and *rein in* the vicious—if to prevent virtue from *tripping*, lest *tripping* she *tumble*, be the object of a schoolmaster, can it be denied that such are likewise the professed arts of the barouche-master? Whether bipeds or quadrupeds are to be trained and guided, they may equally be termed the pupils of their respective tutors; their patron is the same; each court Apollo in their daily *exercise*; the god of hexameters and pentameters notoriously drives four-in-hand every day, and to see horses badly put together is no less offensive to his deity, than to hear false quantities and false concords. No, Sir; the pupils of *our* seminaries shall yield neither to Westminster, Eton, or Winchester, in their attachment to the *Muse*.

Are Schoolmasters less choice than

than ourselves in the selection of pupils? Are they not equally aware with us, that whether in the public or more sequestered roads, *advancement* depends much on *blood* and *condition?* It is true that there may be some little difference in our mode of managing such high-mettled tyros. *We* find that we make surer progress by placing *winkers* on the eyes of such youngsters. There have been schoolmasters who have got on better by putting *the winkers on their own eyes*; but this is a mere practical difference, and by no means interferes with the parallel, which, I trust, is sufficiently evident. That such was the opinion of Solomon is proved by the writings of that wise prince:—" A horse not broken becometh headstrong, and a child left to himself will be wilful."

The columns of your paper, Sir, convince me daily that its self-evidence has struck you, from the mode of classing your advertisements. Sales by Auction have a place allotted to them, distinct from other notices. The promiscuous insertion of such advertisements as the following, cannot, therefore, be the effect of chance:—

" Wanted a pair of Curricle Horses."—" A Gentleman having a limited number of Pupils has vacancies for two."—" A Beneficed Clergyman, accustomed to the education of Young Gentlemen, wishes to dedicate his whole time and attention exclusively to one." —This is followed by " To be sold, a Horse well calculated for a One-horse Chaise."

We are at present busily employed in compiling a Grammar for the instruction of our Novices. We have indeed not yet got further than our *accidents.* I give an extract from them, taken at random, and if our friends in the Church judge from the specimen that they can derive any useful hints from the perusal of the whole, they are welcome to a copy.

" A Gentleman of Oxford was intrusted with the management of an elegant and spirited young filly, of the highest possible breed, and who promises hereafter to be an honour to her *rein.* Whether, as some have asserted, he had allowed her *rather too much will of her own,* or whether the accident was the effect of mere awkwardness, he was upset in endeavouring with over eagerness to effect a neat turning into the *Mitre,* and received a most severe contusion. It not being deemed advisable to carry him up stairs, he was placed in the first vacant *stall.* A Court of Inquiry was called for by the Club, when he was acquitted, it appearing from the evidence brought forward, that the *turning into the Mitre is most hazardous,* and that many a veteran has missed it by going on the *wrong side of the post.*"

I must now conclude: the Christmas vacation is over, and the frost at last breaking up, and the two Societies must return to their respective occupations of *horsing young masters, and mastering young horses.*

A MEMBER OF THE
WHIP CLUB.

A GROUP OF STAGS,

An Etching,

IS the second plate of the series announced in our last Number.

FEAST

Ridinger pinx.t

A GROUP OF STAGS.

Published Feb.y 28.th 1814. by J. Wheble. 28. Warwick Square. London.

FEAST OF WIT.

EPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.——A Clergyman in the county of N—— having neglected to obtain his *Licence for Non-Residence*, was desired by his Diocesan to assign his reasons for the omission, which he did very briefly, by saying he had utterly forgotten it, when the Reverend Prelate inquired whether he had also forgotten his *Game Licence?* which was answered in the negative.

A Joe Miller revived.—AN English gentleman (says Mr. Edgeworth, in a story cited by *Joe Miller*) was writing a letter in a coffee-house; and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting a seal upon the lips of the *curious impertinent*, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words:—"I would say more, but a d—d tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."—"You lie, you scoundrel," said the self-convicted Hibernian.

MR. B. better known as Beau B. happening to be present where the Prince Regent was visiting, he thought proper, as his Royal Highness was standing near the bell-pull, to request that the Prince "would be good enough to touch the bell." The company stared! but his Royal Highness did "touch the bell;" and on the appearance of the servant, who asked for orders, the Prince coolly said, "Oh, Mr. B.'s carriage is wanted."—The carriage came, and the forward Beau took the hint and retired.

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN MILLINER.
By the Rev. J. Cox, D. D.

Hast thou e'er seen the coxcomb *magpie* strut
Among a troop of *finches?* on one leg
Hops he and chatters, knowing looks, and thinks
Himself a clever fellow. So yon *thing*
Of gender *epicene*, so spruce, that *twirls*
The *ribbon* featly, spreads the *counter's* plane
With *feminine habiliments*, and *smirks*
And prates in language just like mag's—Yes, *Mem*,
This *flannel* fits the shape. *Invisible*
We calls it, *Mem*—that is, *Mem*—can't be seen.
These *stockings, Mem*, are *beautiful*—and *fine*
As *fine*—pon *honour, Mem*, they're *cheap* as *dirt!*
The country girl that stands behind and peeps
Between her bolder sister's arms, a blush
On this cheek, and on that a simper wears,
Doubting the *creature's sex*, and fears to ask
The *needful question.*—Want ye, rulers, *food*
For *gun-powder? here* then supply your wants,
Ye *press-gangs* and *recruiting serjeants*, lead
Them to the Frenchman's maw, instead of frogs!

Whimsical Exchange.—A man (says a Manchester paper) sold his *rib* a few days ago, in Ludlow market for 2s. 10d. and in an hour after bought another *rib* in the

 market

market for the same money.—N. B. His last purchase was a *spare rib of pork!*

When the late celebrated *Barrington* was at last arraigned at the Old Bailey, he challenged a juryman named *Mist*, assigning for a reason, that he was afraid justice might *lose his way*.

The Coach-makers of the Metropolis.—This respectable body had a very *sociable body dinner*, a few days ago, at the sign of "*The Broken Wheel*," in Clare Market, when it was resolved to return their united thanks to the following bodies:—First, to the water-works' companies; and, secondly, to the surveyors of the different parishes—for their regular and patriotic neglect of the different streets, during the frost and snow; by which their business has been materially improved. Their last toast was—"May frost never break, and wheels never be whole."

An epitaph on Hi and Ho, two Chinese astronomers, who were appointed to watch an eclipse; but having got drunk and neglected their duty, they were condemned to be executed by Ho Hang, the Chinese Emperor. Soon after it was discovered that the eclipse was invisible.—*Vide Hale's Chronicle.*

Here rest the bones of Ho and Hi;
 Whose fate tho' sad, was risible;
Being hung because they could not spy
 The eclipse, that was invisible.
Heigho! 'tis said a love of drink
 Occasioned all their trouble;
But this is hardly true, I think,
 As drunken men see double.

A gentleman happening to have a serious tumble during the frost, on rising from his fall, declared, that though he had no desire to see the metropolis *burnt down*, he heartily wished to have the streets *laid in ashes*.

"*Old and Timid Gentlemen.*"—The comfort of these gentlemen seems now to be a consideration with all classes of society. Every newspaper teems with advertisements for their ease and accommodation. There are "*quiet little horses*—old easy chairs—screw beds, and elastic cushions"—all courting their orders: and lately, an amiable widow advertises herself as "desirous of making herself useful as a companion, understanding the management of an house, and a little of physic."

THE CAUTIOUS FARMER;

A Pun.

He counts his Hedges too, lest they,
As being *Quick*—should run away.

Mrs. Clarke no sooner reached her new apartments in the Marshalsea, than, with her usual pleasantry, she issued the following card to her *fashionable* friends:—"Mrs. M. A. Clarke at home *every evening till further notice.*"

The term of confinement of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke is a subject of pleasantry among the sisterhood, who practically know that *nine months* is the usual time by the *laws of nature* for woman's *deliverance!*

A gentleman at a tavern dinner, observing that the *wine* did not circulate very *quickly*; a punster said, it was no wonder, for it was *sloe*-juice.

Though the following trait of the

the *absent handkerchief* has been before applied to one of the Friends, we are assured that it really originated with Joseph Lancaster, who, when he went to Ireland, received an invitation to the Castle to dinner. The ladies present were well disposed to *quiz* the Quaker; and one of them, the young and beautiful daughter of the Earl of Harrington, gravely addressing him after the cloth was removed, said, "Friend Lancaster, I drink to thy broad-bottomed beaver."—The Quaker, nothing abashed at this unexpected solicitation, instantly replied with great composure, "I thank thee, friend Anna Maria, and in return I drink to thy *absent handkerchief*."

The Hostility of Friendship.—A female benefit society was some time since established under the title of the *Amicable Sisters*; but here, as in many other cases, profession and practice were much at variance. In fact, these amicable ladies were in a constant state of bickering, and for some months Bow-street was besieged by their incessant complaints, till a dissolution of the Society was recommended and adopted.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, in some degree similar to the above, occurred at the first meeting of a musical club, the members of which distinguished themselves by the significant appellation of the *Sons of Harmony*. One of these children of Apollo, ere dinner was well over, proved a wight the most quarrelsome of all the votaries of the Delphic God! The effect of the wine was a dispute with all who would dispute with him; he at length jumped upon the table, walked, or rather reeled from one end of it to the other, kicked every bottle and glass into the laps of the guests, and thus produced a scene of confusion and discord, the very reverse of all our common ideas of harmony.

AN Irishman lately seeing a hearse with eight horses in it, said, he thought there was a law in England, which prohibited a person from having eight horses in his carriage. A friend observed, that the King often drove eight horses. Paddy, in reply, said, to be sure he had heard that the King often drove *eight horses*, but that he thought one of them was *always a mule.*

THE SNUFF-TAKER.

A Parody on the Wood-pecker.

As I sat by the fire, in reflection profound,
I thought my nose I would treat;
And I said, if there's snuff in the world to be found,
I shall get it in Lundy Foote's street.
'Twas ten! not a sound but the striking of clocks,
And the Snuff-taker tapping—his favourite box.

So to Lundy's I went, tho' the weather was rough,
My sensation with scent to regale!
How busy the shopmen!—some serv'd out the snuff,
And some neatly roll'd up pigtail!
Not a sound! all the watchmen were silent as blocks,
But the Snuff-taker tapping—his favourite box.

Then I took a long stroll in the silence of night,
And I cried, "Fortune, grant me but these;
A quid of tobacco, my joy and delight,
And snuff—to incite me to sneeze."
'Twas morn! not a sound but the crowing of cocks,
And the Snuff-taker tapping—his favourite box.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. Kellermann has purchased *Vale-Royal*, by Sorcerer, for 500gs.

THE Duke of Hamilton has lately sold to Mr. Knapton, of York, the three following, viz. a chesnut colt, by Hambletonian, out of Louisa, dam of Petronius, &c. and a bay colt, by Hambletonian, out of Miss Haworth, the dam of Ashton, &c. both named in the Produce Stakes on Thursday in the next York August Meeting; also a bay colt, by Hambletonian, out of Crazy's dam, named in the Produce Stakes, this year, at Newcastle.—Mr. Knapton has since sold the colt out of Miss Haworth, to the Earl of Carlisle for a hunter; and the colt, out of Crazy's dam, to C. T. Clark, Esq. who has him in training.—The chesnut colt, out of Louisa, is also in the Produce Stakes at Newcastle.

LATELY died, in Lord Montgomerie's Stud, that valuable stallion, and once celebrated racer, *John Bull*.—He was bred by the late Earl Grosvenor, and got by Fortitude, (a Son of Herod, Snap, and Cade); his dam, Xantippe, (own Sister to Don Quixote) by Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess, by Williams's Forester, Coalition Colt, Bustard, &c.—In 1792, *John Bull* won the great Produce Stakes of 4200gs. at Newmarket; and the Derby Stakes at Epsom.—He started only once besides, when he was beat by St. George, &c. in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1793. He was Sire of

Admiral Nelson,	Jack Tar,
Agincourt,	Job Thornberry,
Albion,	Kilruddery,
Alfred — Stamford's,	Lady Bull,
	Margery,
Ayrshire-Lass,	Montalto,
Baron Bull,	Muly Moloch,
Bullion,	Norah,
Cæsario,	Northampton,
Capt. Absolute,	Plantagenet,
Enterprise,	Tudor,
Ferdinand,	Tulipson,
Georgiana,	Vandal,
Hand-Maid,	Violante, &c. &c.

Stamford will now become the leading stallion in Scotland.

THE celebrated stallion *Castrel*, is arrived at Mr. Knapton's Stud-Farm, at Huntington, near York. —He stands sixteen hands high, and is thought by superior judges to possess the finest racing shape, united with excellent action, great powers, the most courteous temper, was never fired, and free from all natural blemishes:—His stock are boney, lengthy, and very promising for the turf, and many have been sold at high prices.—And Mr. Chadburn, of Blyth, Nottinghamshire, has purchased that well-bred stallion, HYACINTHUS.—*(See List of Stallions in our present Number, page 227.)*

GOLUMPUS will cover at Low-Catton, near York, as announced in our Magazine for November last, page 52.—After the season, he is to be sold.

CLARET

Claret Stakes.—These stakes, which have in general excited much interest on the turf, did not fill this year, there being only two horses entered, viz. Smolensko and Solyman, who were, at the time of naming, first favourites for the Derby, and stood so high in repute no other competitor ventured to enter the list with them. It is singular that a fatality has attended, in many instances, the favourite for these stakes : in 1810, Britannia beat Spaniard—betting 15 to 1 on Spaniard. Various reasons were assigned at the time for Spaniard's being beat, but subsequent events proved that it was owing to his having drank out of the Dawsonian trough, and it is strongly suspected Britannia was served the same when she started for the Oaks the preceding year; 1811, the Claret stakes will be ever remembered as a memorable event in the annals of the turf; there were several favourites, and very deep betting, which excited considerable interest during the winter, all bets at that period being play or pay; it was won by Crispin, beating Oriana, Eccleston, Treasurer, Pirouette, and The Dandy. The odds at starting were 12 to 1 against Crispin. The day after the race, Pirouette and the Dandy died, from having drank out of a poisoned trough, as also Spaniard, and a colt of the late Sir F. Standish's. The alarm this created on the turf, subsequently led to the conviction and execution of the principal, as also afforded a clue to the other parties who were privy and concerned in these nefarious transactions; 1812, the Claret Stakes was won by Rainbow, beating Phantom, Wellington, Hit or Miss, and Albuera—betting 5 to 2 on Phantom, and 20 to 1 against the winner. Rainbow was a good, but uncertain runner; he won a sweepstakes in the ensuing Meeting, and was then sold to go to Ireland; 1813, there was deep betting for these stakes between Elizabeth and Cwrw, but Elizabeth falling lame a day or two before running did not start. It was won by Comus, beating Cato, Cwrw, and Historia; the three horses were nearly equal favourites, they made a short run race, and it was not won by more than half a neck; Cato second. On coming up to weigh Chifney, the rider of Cwrw made a complaint of crossing against both Comus and Cato, which was referred to the Jockey Club, who decided on hearing the evidence of the jockey who rode Historia, and who, from his situation in the race, was better enabled to judge that it was no cross, and confirmed the decision of the Judge.

During the late embarkation at Portsmouth of troops for Spain, Lieutenant Jackson, 10th Hussars, lost a beautiful and most valuable charger, four years old, which, through the negligence of the persons employed on the occasion, was crushed between the transport and the wharf. This horse was well known on the turf, having won three or four plates.

Berkeley Hunt Ball and Supper.—This annual festivity was given at the King's Head, in Gloucester, on Thursday, the 10th instant. The ball-room was brilliantly illuminated, and decorated in an appropriate style; and the floor was very tastefully chalked. The supper-tables were fancifully laid out; the wines of superior flavour; and the dancing was kept up, with unusual spirit, till seven o'clock in the morning, when the fashionable guests (about 200 in

number)

number) departed, highly gratified with this pleasurable evening.—Many gentlemen who compose this hunt, in consequence of the frost having again set in and stopped their sport, paid a second visit to Gloucester on Wednesday; and fifteen *tilburies*, drawn by fine blood horses, made a conspicuous show and rattle through the principal streets. They afterwards dined in the first style of splendour and conviviality at York House.

At the breaking up of the late very severe frost, the Melton hounds had a capital run through the finest part of Leicestershire, on Friday, the 11th, and killed their fox in a high stile. The Duke of Grafton's had also a fine burst near Bury St. Edmonds, Suffolk, and ran their fox to ground.

A subscription pack of fox hounds, 40 couple, belonging to the Craven hunt, were sold at Tattersall's this month, for upwards of 700 guineas. The money arising from the sale is to be applied to the discharge of the debts of the hunt.

A famous trotting race took place the 16th instant, on a three-mile piece of ground on Epping Forest, for a wager of sixty guineas, between Mr. Watts's celebrated chesnut mare, Helen, and a grey horse, the property of Mr. Nelson, of Hackney-road. The animals carried 8st. each, and every yard of ground was contested. The first mile was done in three minutes and a half, the second in three minutes twenty seconds, and the third in three minutes twenty-five seconds: in all ten minutes and fifteen seconds. The race was closely contested throughout, and the mare won it by half a length.

Extraordinary Performance.—A grey horse, 14 hands high, and rising six years old, was backed by the owner, Mr. Booch, of Helstone, to go 100 miles in the space of 12 hours, on Tuesday the 22d instant, on a piece of ground on the Ipswich road. The following is a correct account of the animal's going:—

Hours.	Miles.	Hours.	Miles.
1	9	8	9
2	$9\frac{1}{2}$	9	$9\frac{1}{2}$
3	$8\frac{1}{2}$	10	9
4	9	11	$8\frac{1}{2}$
5	$8\frac{1}{2}$	12	$6\frac{1}{2}$
6	$8\frac{1}{4}$		
7	$8\frac{3}{4}$	Total	104

The animal went the number of hours out to decide other bets, being comparatively fresh. There were four stoppages only during the performance, and two short feeds. The horse had the best of time during the whole journey, and the performance stands amongst the first on record.

A game of trap-ball was played this month on the ice, below the bridge at Fordwich, near Canterbury; after which a match of cricket, between the Gentlemen of Fordwich, and the Gentlemen of Sturrey, Kent, which was won by the former. The players were dressed in white waistcoats and drawers, and played in skates.

The boxing match made between Ford and a Deptford Gardener, to be decided on the 22d instant, did not take place, the Gardener having, the day previous, refused to fight.

Curling at Peebles.—Five rinks, containing nearly eighty, met on the Tweed, on the 2d inst. and, after anxiously contesting the

game,

game, they dined on the ice, beneath the bridge, on the standard dish of beef and greens, being served up from the Tontine.—Many patriotic and curling toasts were given by the Provost, in the Chair, and others, in presence of upwards of two thousand spectators. The bagpipe and merry reel closed the icy scene, and the party proceeded to the Tontine, and spent the evening in the true curling style.

The great battle between Painter, the Lancashire man, and Oliver, the Battersea gardener, is fixed for Tuesday, the 3d of May, on a match, and for the first subscription purse of the pugilistic club of fifty guineas. The gardener will train in the Highlands of Scotland, under the management of the patron and trainer of Cribb, previously to his victory at Thistleton Gap.

Pedestrianism.—A young man of Gainsborough, on Monday, the 24th ult. undertook for a wager of one guinea to walk from the market-place at Gainsborough, to Newark (a distance of twenty-five miles), and return in fourteen hours—a task, considering the state of the roads, of no little difficulty. Unfortunately he did not accomplish his undertaking within time by about ten minutes, chiefly owing to his not having a watch with him, as he was not much fatigued.

A linen-draper's shopman, in Oxford-street, ran a mile in five minutes and five seconds, on Wednesday, the 2d instant, on the Harrow-road, for a wager of five guineas. The time allotted was five minutes ten seconds, which is a first-rate performance.

The late weather will prove the ruin of the sportsman's hopes for the next year—hares having been killed out of number, by tracing them in the snow; and, from their enfeebled state (being nearly starved) they have become easy prey to their pursuers. Game and birds of every description have suffered severely from the rigour of the season, and, when taken, are found to be amazingly reduced in flesh.

On Saturday, the 29th ult. a heron was caught at Batheaston; its wings were so encumbered with ice as to prevent its rising: it is now in the possession of a person at Bath.

The marshes in the neighbourhood of Rye, Sussex, the old gunners say, have been more numerously frequented by wild fowl, during the present winter, than at any former period within their recollections.

On Friday, the 28th ult. the game-keeper of Penrice-house, near St. Austell, Cornwall, shot twenty woodcocks, two wild ducks, and one teal, within the short space of a mile.

Four wild swans were lately shot in the levels near Rye. The two largest weighed twenty-three pounds and a half, and found a ready sale at twenty-one shillings each. The heaviest of the other two did not exceed sixteen pounds, but their skins recommended them to purchasers, at eighteen shillings each.

The weather has been most oppressive to the numerous hares which abound in the immense tract

of preserves extending from Sandon by Ingestre, Tixall, Shugborough, and Cannock Chase, Warwickshire. The cottagers' and other gardens, skirting these domains, have been padded like sheep-folds, every night when these timid animals dare approach the residence of their "dread proprietor." Pheasants, wood pigeons, and other birds, which never before associated, nestled in common, under such scanty cover as they could meet with.

A most singular circumstance occurred a short time since, near Godalming, in Surrey. A young gentleman went out shooting, and was forced to take shelter, from the inclemency of the weather, near a sheep-fold in a turnip field; the snow was between five and six feet deep, and happening to stumble, his gun accidentally went off, and to his great astonishment, killed two pigeons and a partridge!

On Thursday, the 27th ult. John Cruffenden, Esq. of Robertsbridge, Sussex, killed a very fine, perfectly white cock pheasant. It was so well shot, that the plumage sustained but very trifling injury; and the rare bird has since been sent to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, to be preserved.

On the 10th inst. the Hillsborough packet, on the passage between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, was literally covered in the rigging and deck by a most numerous flock of larks; they had taken their departure from some place at, or near Portpatrick, and, in order to have a rest by the way, swarmed about the packet, some clinging to the shrouds, some to the gaff and top-masts, and others upon deck. Vast quantities let themselves down upon the water alongside: all those which alighted with extended wings, went head foremost under the water, and such as had their wings close to their sides were able to take wing again and proceed. So soon as they got near the shore, they made a rapid flight for the land. Many thousands alighted not two hundred yards from the pier of Donaghadee.

On the 11th and 12th of last month, a young man in the neighbourhood of Cowbridge, shot eight woodcocks and twenty-two snipes, all on the wing, in thirty successive shots; and on the 14th two wild ducks and a mallard got up before him, to live no longer (strange as it may appear) than till that very mortal enemy to the feathered race had time to present his piece.

In consequence of the severity of the weather, the river Tay has been completely frozen over between Perth and Newburgh. The intenseness of the cold there has been indicated by another circumstance. Wild swans have been observed on the open parts of the river below Newburgh. These birds pass the summer in Lapland, Iceland, and other polar regions, and migrate to lower latitudes in winter. They are seldom seen, however, farther south than the lakes by which the Tay is fed.

On Saturday, the 5th instant, as two young men, brothers, named Sawyer, of New Shoreham, Sussex, were in pursuit of wild fowl, in the marshes contiguous to the bridge, the gun of Daniel, the elder, on his discharging it at some

ducks,

ducks, unfortunately burst, when the explosion, shocking to relate, drove the breech-pin through his skull to the brain, and so injured it, that in despite of the best surgical skill, he languished till the Wednesday, and then expired, to the irreparable loss of his aged father, of whom he was the principal supporter. The left hand of the deceased was also dreadfully lacerated. The clumsy introduction of a new breech-pin to the fatal barrel was the cause of the accident.

On Tuesday, the 15th instant, as Mr. Raisin, gamekeeper to the Earl of Cardigan, was shooting at a woodcock, his gun hung fire, and whilst he was in the act of taking it from his shoulder, the piece unfortunately went off, and shot his brother, but we are happy to hear there are hopes of his recovery from the wounds.

During the late severe blast, a youth in the service of a gentleman near Ulceby-furzehill, Alford, Lincolnshire, being sent on horseback with a gun and a brace of pointers to a distance of not more than three miles, was so benumbed by the cold as to be unable to keep his seat on the horse, which he was therefore obliged to leave in the furzehill. With the utmost difficulty he then made his way on foot, and was twelve hours going the short distance of his journey, from four o'clock in the afternoon till four o'clock next morning. One of the dogs actually perished in the snow, and was found dead a day or two afterwards.

Saturday, the 22d ult. William White, of Maisemore, Gloucestershire, was convicted before the Magistrates in two several penalties of 20l. each, the one for having on the 16th ult. in company with other persons, used a greyhound, at Lassington, for the purpose of taking and killing a hare, without a certificate; the other for having committed the offence upon a Sunday, during the time of divine service. —And on the Saturday following, William Wadley, of Maisemore, was convicted of the same offences, and adjudged to pay the same two penalties.

On Saturday, the 5th instant, a farmer in the neighbourhood of Cockermouth, made an appeal to the Commissioners against a charge made upon him for not taking out a game certificate, he having on a certain day been out with the hounds, hallooing and cracking his whip, and otherwise aiding and assisting in killing game. The farmer denied having in any way aided or assisted; but allowed that he *hallooed* and *cracked his whip*, but it was for the purpose of driving the dogs off his grounds. The man was discharged.

The latter end of January, Edward Jones, servant to a tallow-chandler, in Winchester, was convicted in the mitigated penalty of 10l. and charged with the certificate duty of 3l. 13s. 6d. on the evidence of Henry Green, Esq. Distributor of Stamps, for shooting at a snipe, without having taken out a certificate. The defendant was subject to two more penalties of 5l. each, for shooting on a Sunday, and for not being qualified, but the two latter charges were not pressed against him, as the sole intention of the prosecution was to put a stop to the great number of persons in and about

 Win-

Winchester in particular, who make an almost daily practice of shooting not only snipes, but game, without having obtained the necessary certificate,* to the annoyance of the fair sportsmen, and to the injury of the revenue.

UPWARDS of seventy hares were seized a short time since, on the road from Welch Pool to Shrewsbury, the whole of which had either been purchased, or were intended for sale.

A NUMBER of the King's swans have been lately stolen from off the River Thames, and their heads, &c. found on the strand near Kew Bridge. A gander, a drake, and a number of ducks have also been stolen from the Serpentine River.

DANIEL Harvey was, on the 23d of January, convicted before Mileson Edgar, Esq. in the mitigated penalty of 10l. for shooting a hare in the parish of Westerfield, Suffolk.

THE most daring and repeated attempts having been made of late to destroy the pheasants and other game in the preserved covers of the Rev. H. F. Yeatman, in Dorsetshire, a watch was appointed, when two villains were seen in the act of shooting the pheasants at roost, on the night of Tuesday, the 8th instant, but before assistance could be procured they made off: on the following night, however, they returned, when, after a dreadful conflict, in which Mr. Yeatman's keeper, and three assistants, were most severely cut and beaten, the villains having literally broken their guns to pieces about their opponents' heads, faces, and shoulders, one was secured, and a special warrant is issued to take the other. The one now lodged in Dorchester gaol is named William Lydford; the one who has escaped is named Charles Shitler, of Hazelbury Brian, both notorious smugglers, poachers, cudgel players, &c. The names of the remaining part of the gang are known.

ON the 25th of January, died, at Ayr, in his 96th year, Mr. J. Campbell, for many years convener of trades of that burgh. In the year, 1736, he went to London, to improve himself in the profession of a tailor, where he continued seven or eight years, and after his return was generally known by the designation of "London John;" his expences on his journey were only 13s. 8d.—He was a man highly respected in society, and was the most skilful hunter, fisher, and florist in the country, and for fifty or sixty years kept the best breed of terriers in the kingdom, having at times a pack of fifteen or sixteen. He retained his faculties (sight excepted) till the last, and could, within a few months of his death, sing a hunting song, with as appropriate a style and taste as most men.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE shall be much obliged to any Gentleman who will favour us with an original Portrait of the three following horses: viz. Old Snap, or Shaftoe Snap; Squirrel; and Shark.

A PORTRAIT of that celebrated Mare, Altisidora, which won the St. Ledger Stakes, at the Doncaster Meeting, 1813, beating sixteen others, from a beautiful painting by CLIFTON TOMSON, of Nottingham, is in the Engraver's hands, to embellish a future Number of the Sporting Magazine.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

INSCRIPTION *on the* MONUMENT *of a* NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

By LORD BYRON.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomps of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnotic'd all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debas'd by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hyprocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.

A PAIR OF ODES,

Respectfully addressed to Messrs. Frost and Thaw,

By MR. J. M. LACEY.

ODE I.

FIERCE Mister Frost, they say you do do much good,
And some folks find in thee a real charm;
You brace us up, they say, and clear our blood—
With due submission, I say, you do harm.

You chill our heels, and lame us in a trice;
You fill our feeble fingers full of cracks;
You send your snows, and glaze the ground with ice,
And throw the fair—oh! fie, Sir!—on their backs.

You stop our water courses, freeze our cocks;
You burst our bottled wine, and ale, and beer;
You give our constitutions, *shocking shocks!*
Besides all this, you rogue, you make things dear.

And this is worse than all your other deeds;
The poor thou pinchest sadly, Mister Frost;
At mis'ry's tale meek pity's bosom bleeds,
Mis'ry and want, where almost hope is lost.

On these accounts I say thou dost much harm,
I pray thee, then, remove thy chilling paw;
And that our noses may once more be warm,
Send us your step-brother, mild Mister Thaw.

ODE

ODE II.

So, Mister Thaw, you're come—but, zounds, you bring
Almost as many troubles as your brother;
You spread o'er earth your water-dropping wing,
And with your *melting kindness* almost smother.

You fill our streets with slop, and spoil our cloaths,
"What nasty weather," ev'ry body cries;
"'Twas clean enough," they say, "when late it froze,"
The washerwomen say that nothing dries!

Besides, sweet Sir, you melt the snow so quick,
It can't run fast enough from off the houses;
So makes its way between each tile or brick,
Vexing our attic lodgers and their spouses.

There's my poor garret floating wide and deep,
Oh! Mister Thaw!—to serve a poet so!
It soaks my bed at night—"I wake to weep";
And by my rushlight, pen the song of woe!

Thus Frost and Thaw are full of harm we find,
To neither can we say, "I like thy weather;"
Indeed I think we should be quite resign'd,
To do without the *Gemmen* altogether.

AIRS, &c.

In the New Comic Opera, called "THE FARMER'S WIFE," *brought out this Month at Covent Garden Theatre.*

SONG—MR. SLADER.

MY name's Reuben Stubble, no mere man of straw,
True grain, tho' mayhap mix'd with chaff;
I stickle for duty, make justice my law,
So they call me severe,
But let them jibe and jeer,
At their snigg'ring, I whistle and laugh;
As I did when, light-hearted, I drove father's team,
While the bells at their collars were ringing;
For I found to be one thing, another to seem,
Were vexation, and kept me from singing
Fal lal la, &c.

Plain upright and downright was ever my plan,
Your flatt'ry's too pleasant by half;
Let me finish in age as in youth I began,
For if now I should slip,
To catch me on the hip,
How your sniggers would whistle and laugh:
If I did too, whenever I pass'd by a team,
While the bells at their collars were ringing,
'Twould remind me how diff'rent to be and to seem,
And spoil all my relish for singing
Fal lal la, &c.

DUET—MR. INCLEDON AND MR. SLADER.

O, give me the man who can value advice,
Yet heeds not the counsel that folly may lend;
Whose heart trusts with caution, discerning, tho' nice,
Whose head can distinguish 'tween flatt'rer and friend;
Whose temper unruffled no trouble can wring,
Yet in danger can feeling with fortitude shew;
If the "mind is a kingdom," that man is a king,
And a subject of envy for monarchs below.
Such a man, if domestic, tho' harass'd with care,
Still smooths up his brow when approaching his door;
Conceals from the circle that welcomes him there,
All, all, but the joy their endearments ensure.
The smiles of his partner such pleasure can bring,
His children's sweet prattle such joy can bestow;
If the "mind is a kingdom," that man is a king,
And a subject of envy for monarchs below.

RECIT.

RECIT. ACCOMPANIED—Miss STEPHENS.

Trifler, forbear, deceit in flatt'ry lies ;
We may endure it, but we must despise.

Polacca.

Go, trifler, go ; your flatt'ry leave,
That lure which leads our sex astray ;
Still smiling only to deceive,
And more securely to betray :
On Ætna's sides thus verdure bright
Beguiles the swain, and hope inspires ;
While, with an overwhelming night,
The dread volcano pours its fires.

SONG—Mr. MATHEWS.

There lived in a country town
A doctor nam'd Antony Brown ;
Who, as he got nothing by trade,
Made love to a wealthy old maid.
So ugly she hadn't a charm,
But her purse was as long as my arm !
What a bait for Dr. Brown !

One day, with a grace debonair,
He ask'd for a lock of her hair ;
Says she, "you embarrass me quite,
Dr. Brown, you're so very polite."
She gave it, and he was all gig,
But soon found 'twas a lock of her wig !
What a dose for Dr. Brown !

Her teeth all so white, he'd declare,
Made amends for the loss of her hair ;
She fancied the tooth-ache, by way
Of seeing the Doctor one day ;
When her teeth were all false, he said,
For she'd but a colt's tooth in her head,
Which fasten'd on Dr. Brown!

Fine sonnets he wrote on her eyes,
And prais'd 'em up to the skies ;
But the day he his passion declar'd
A thing happen'd, at which he star'd ;
While she ogled the Doctor, alas !
Out tumbled a peeper of glass.
What a sparkler ! quo' Dr. Brown !

One hand fix'd on with a screw ;
Her legs wa'n't a pair, tho' two ;
But the Doctor who courted her purse,
He took her for better for worse.
And their first child was born, or they lie,
With a wig, wooden hand and glass eye,
But the image of Dr. Brown !

SONG—Mr. INCLEDON.

What fashion calls friendship, dishonours the name,
The cloak of convenience, the child of caprice,
The phantom of folly, the compact of shame,
On prosperity rising, with peril to cease ;
Such nerveless affections control not my will,
I glow with an ardor no check can suspend ;
And when friendship's the toast, being summon'd to fill,
My heart's in the bumper I pledge to my friend.

Let worth be the basis, plain dealing the mean,
Affection the impulse, and honour the guide ;
In the compact I glory, nor shift with the scene,
In prosperity tender, adversity tried ;
Let him share all my joys, mine his sorrows be still,
His interest and fame mine to watch and defend ;
Thus when friendship's the toast, being summon'd to fill,
My heart's in the bumper I pledge to my friend.

SONG—Mr. MATHEWS.

The forum for fun and variety,
Is a debating society ;
Such squabbling
And gabbling,
And humming and ha'ing ;
Such thumping
And jumping,
Air beating and sawing ;
Mouths like cannon ope,
Charg'd with figure and trope,
Splitting logical straws in "no meaning's digestion ;"
With indefinite answer to quibbling question.

(Speaking.)

Order ! order ! question ! question ! chair ! chair ! chair !
All talkers and no hearers, till the forum's like a fair.

The hubbub at length being paralyz'd,
The question is further on analyz'd ;
"I move, sir,
To prove, sir,
That spite of all quarrel,
Welch wigs, sir,
Are gigs, sir,
And waltzes are moral.
Let those who can't dance
From envy advance

An

An argument *con.*"
And thus he goes on
Till above all the voices another exalts his,
To prove that Welch wigs are more moral than waltzes.
(Speaking.)
Order! order! &c.

SONG—Miss MATHEWS.

Young Lubin lov'd the fair Lisette,
And tapping at her window came,
The sun had barely risen yet,
She peep'd and cried, "O, fie for shame!"
"Sweet maid," says he, "'tis smiling May,
Come let us rove."—"Indeed, said she,
So soon—What will the neighbours say?
Fi donc! fi donc! ah, mon ami."

Still Lubin soft persuasion tried,
And fair Lisette at last, content,
Forgot her neighbours, ceas'd to chide,
Stole out, and with him Maying went
And oft a stolen kiss he caught;
Lisette *no doubt* displase'd would be,
Yet only said, whate'er she thought,
"*Fi donc! fi donc! ah, mon ami.*"

He talk'd of love, "come let's away,"
She cried, yet loiter'd; silly thing;
He press'd her, too, to fix the day,
And on her finger plac'd a ring.
She started, blush'd, and hung her head,
Yet very angry tried to be,
But only sigh'd and softly said,
"*Fi donc! fi donc! ah, mon ami.*"

JACK KETCH AND THE FRENCHMAN.

New Version of an Old Story.

A Frenchman once, at some Assizes,
'Twas Nottingham, the Muse surmises,
Fell justly, by the course of law,
A victim—for *un grand faux pas.*
When he approached the fatal tree,
(Un autre Place de Greve pour lui)
And when Jack Ketch prepared to tie
The noose that did exalt him high,
Instead of praying to the Lord,
Monsieur exclaimed, "*Ah! misericorde!*"
"*Measure the cord?*" replied Jack Ketch;
"Measure the cord yourself, you wretch!"
Still "*misericorde!*" was all his cry;
"Ah *misericorde!* that I should die!
"Ah *misericorde!* good folks, good by!"
"*Measure the cord!*" you sniv'ling cur!"
Rejoined the executioner:
"'Tis long enough—I know 'twill do
"To hang a score such rogues as you;
"And since you've been a thieving elf,
"*Measure the cord,* I say, *yourself.*"

EXTEMPORE LINES,

Returned to two Ladies who sent two Dogs to be viewed.

THE dogs, sweet lovely dears! we all admire,
The mother this resembling, that the sire.
At your command, the female I'll baptize,
And, when you please, the male I'll circumcise.
No disrespect to Moses' legislation,
Or to the later Christian dispensation.
To this I'll give, by ritual charm and spell,
The favor'd name of lovely fair Fidelle;
To that, of names, what pretty name can be,
The jewel, sweet Bijou, compar'd to thee?
To you committed, and your fostering care,
Harriet and Mary, charming lovely pair,
Blest in each other, may they never know
Distemper, Flatulence, or morbid woe.
May loves and zephyrs ever round them play!
These, in the summer, fan the flies away,
While those officiate with tender care,
To wash, or comb, or curl the silken hair,
Compose the pillow, make the downy bed
For Venus' body and Adonis' head.